The Marvel Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction / February 1986 / $2.50 £1.75 U.K.-$3.00 CAN.

02620

epic ILLUSTRATED

INCREDIBLE LAST ISSUE

featuring:

TERRY AUSTIN
JOHN BYRNE
ALAN MOORE
BILL SIENKIEWICZ
JIM STARLIN
ROY THOMAS
RICK VEITCH
AL WILLIAMSON
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
BERNI WRIGHTSON
and
MANY OTHERS

cover story
THE RETURN OF CHOLLY AND FLYTRAP
by ARTHUR SUYDAM

0 71486 02620 02

Her mother was the first-born of Caesar.
Her father, a prince in his own land, a slave in Rome.
She was renowned for her courage and ferocity in an age that demanded courage and ferocity of all.

And when she needed them most, her strength and her bravery failed her.

MARADA
THE SHE-WOLF

by Chris Claremont and John Bolton. A Marvel® Graphic Novel.
Coming this Winter. In full color.

MARADA THE SHE-WOLF tm and copyright © 1982 • 1985 by Chris Claremont and John Bolton. art © 1982 by John Bolton.

Epic Comics is a registered trademark of the Marvel Comics Group. Copyright © 1985 Marvel Comics Group. All rights reserved.

LET YOURSELF ROAM

through time...through space...

through other dimensions of mind and matter...

0380 Spec. ed. 1362 Pub. ed. $14.95 1743 Pub. ed. $16.95 1693 Pub. ed. $18.95 1800 Spec. ed. 1883 Pub. ed. $17.95 1933 Pub. ed. $18.95 1818 Pub. ed. $12.95 1586 Pub. ed. $19.95

1917 Pub. ed. $15.95 1966 Pub. ed. $15.95 1867 Pub. ed. $13.95 1503 Spec. ed. 0356 Pub. ed. $17.95 1859 Pub. ed. $14.95 1909 Pub. ed. $16.95 0802 Pub. ed. $15.95 1297 Spec. ed.

0901 Pub. ed. $14.95 ★0463 Pub. ed. $16.95 ★1834 Pub. ed. $19.95 0369 Dinosaur Planet; Dinosaur Planet Survivors. Spec. ed. ★1926 Spellsinger; The Hour of the Gate; The Day of the Dissonance. Spec. ed. 1451 The Goblin Tower; The Clocks of Iraz; The Unbeheaded King. Spec.ed. 1420 Includes the First, Second, and Third Books. Spec. ed. 1495 King's Blood Four; Necromancer Nine; Wizard's Eleven. Spec. ed. 0992 Dragonsong; Dragonsinger; Dragondrums. Comb. pub. ed. $38.85

0075 The First 5 Amber Novels. 2 vols. Comb. pub. ed. $32.30 5520 The Sleeping Dragon; The Sword and the Chain; The Silver Crown. Spec. ed. 0943 Another Fine Myth; Myth Conceptions; Myth Directions; Hit or Myth. Spec. ed.

Take any 5 for $1

with membership

FREE carryall with membership

How the Science Fiction Book Club® Works:

You'll receive your choice of any 5 books on this page for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) after your application for membership is accepted. We reserve the right to reject any application. However, once accepted as a member, you may examine the books in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days at Club expense. Your membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided and return it to us by the date specified.

We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign at any time thereafter or continue to enjoy Club benefits for as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only $4.98. Other Selections are higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions—up to 65% off. The Club offers more than 400 books to choose from. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.
★ Explicit scenes and/or language may be offensive to some.

Science Fiction Book Club®

Dept. AS-691, Garden City, NY 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 5 books I have numbered in the boxes below, and bill me just $1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.

Mr.
Ms. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign. _____

The Science Fiction Book Club offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 84-S267D

epic ILLUSTRATED®

FEBRUARY 1986 VOL. 1, NO. 34

CONTENTS

The Beast/Page 9
just reward at a journey's end
story & artwork by Paolo Eluteri Serpieri

Love Doesn't Last Forever/Page 15
the wages of sin just keep going up
story by Alan Moore; artwork by Rick Veitch

Atlanta Fantasy Fair Competition/Page 23
stories and artwork by the lucky winners

Works in Progress/Page 30
watch for these and other great hits
stories & artwork by Barry Windsor-Smith

Out of Phase/Page 36
in the hero business, things aren't always what they seem
story by Archie Goodwin; artwork by Al Williamson

Doctor Watchstop: Wasting Time/Page 43
there is nothing wrong with your set...
story and artwork by Ken Macklin

The Last Galactus Story: Chapter Nine/Page 47
an unexpected reunion at the heart of darkness
story and pencils by John Byrne; inks by Terry Austin; colors by Glynis Oliver

Horizon Lights/Page 53
betrayal beyond the edge
story by Jo Duffy; artwork by T. Sagara

They Just Fade Away/Page 59
The ultimate conflict between Man and Machine
story and artwork by Berni Wrightson

The Return of Cholly and Flytrap/Page 67
an efficient fighting team who kill without reservations
story and artwork by Arthur Suydam

Amber 1/Page 75
a journey into self discovery
story and artwork by Jim Starlin

Death of a Legend/Page 80
final chapter in the life of a great creator
script by Roy Thomas; artwork by S. Plunkett

Slow Dancer/Page 91
unwinding from life in the fast lane
story and artwork by Bill Sienkiewicz

EPIC ILLUSTRATED® is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Published bi-monthly. Copyright © 1985 by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. A division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Vol. 1, No. 34, February 1986 Issue (ISSN 0279-246X) Price $2.50 per copy in the U.S. and $3.00 in Canada. Susbcriptions rate $15.00 for 6 issues in the U.S. $16.00 Canada. $17.00 Foreign. No similarity between any of the names, characters, person, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the United States of America. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter. Letters to EPIC ILLUSTRATED or its editors become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Marvel Comics Group and the individual copyright holders. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO EPIC ILLUSTRATED, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.

WHEN A FIGHT IS OVER THERE ARE WINNERS AND THERE ARE LOSERS...
AND THEN THERE ARE THE SURVIVORS.

THIS IS THEIR STORY.

SIX FROM SIRIUS 2™

By Doug Moench & Paul Gulacy.

A JOURNEY INTO INNER SPACE.

EPIC COMICS FROM MARVEL

Six from Sirius 2, copyright © 1985 Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. Epic Comics is a registered trademark of the Marvel Comics Group.
Copyright © 1985 Marvel Comics Group. All rights reserved.

EPIC ILLUSTRATED
editor and publisher
Stan Lee

editorial director
Archie Goodwin

managing editor
Jo Duffy

consulting vice president
James Shooter

associate editor
Margaret Clark

assistant editor
Daniel Chichester

production vice president
Mel Schiffman

art director
Robbin Brosterman

editorial assistants
Eve Freberge
Michael Yee

production
Anita Duncan
Jim Novak
Dennis Dwyer
Brenda Mings
Harry Candelario
Rob Carosella
Stu Schwartzberg
Phil Felix
Sara Letsch

lettering
Tom Orzechowski
Rick Parker
Joe Rosen
Janice Chiang
Ken Bruzenak
Kevin Nowlan

---

president, cadence publishing
James E. Galton

group vice president, publishing
Michael Z. Hobson

vice president, finance
Barry Kaplan

advertising sales representative

Kalish, Quigley & Rosen
212-399-9500

direct sales representative
Carol Kalish

circulation
Denise Bove

public relations
Pamela Ruff

vice president, subscriptions
Kathy Beekeman

offices
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
Tel (212) 696-0808
Telex No. 23061

OVERVIEW
notes on stories & contributors

As you were warned last issue, this will be our final **Epic Illustrated.** We regret that very much, but with the success of other projects here at Marvel—such as our **Epic Comics** line and the **Marvel Graphic Novels** with which we're involved—and with wide reader interest in an anthology style magazine (particularly one as expensive to produce as **Epic**) increasingly harder to sustain, this seems the best course. The alternatives—decreasing frequency of publication, cutting the page count or paper quality, raising the price, etc.—would only lessen a product of which we're quite proud. We prefer to bring **Epic** to a close while it's still the same magazine that we know and love.

SPECIAL THANKS

When the decision to cancel **Epic** became definite, we toyed with the notion of just using the space for this column to list everyone who had ever contributed to the magazine or worked on it here at our offices. Besides the danger of inadvertently leaving someone out, it also seemed, upon reflecting, a bit too self-indulgent and certainly not really lively reading except for those whose names appear. Rather, we're going to opt for a safer, hopefully saner, blanket offering of our gratitude for helping to make **Epic** what it was to every writer, artist, letterer, editorial and production person, engraver, and printer involved, to say nothing of our sales, circulation, and support departments. To steal a line from **Fernando** of **Saturday Night Live:** "You know who you are."

That said, there are still four people we really must single out by name in our thanks. Without them, **Epic** might never have been or might never have lasted beyond its first year. They are: **Stan Lee,** our editor and publisher, who always believed Marvel should be doing an adult-oriented, deluxe comics magazine and wouldn't give up on the notion, paving the way for it to become a reality. **Jim Shooter,** Marvel's editor-in-chief, who not only was the one who finally *made* the magazine happen, but has been constantly supportive of us every step of the way, backing our decisions—good and bad—and ready to jump in with help whenever we called for it. **Michael Hobson,** Marvel's group vice president of publishing, who has cheerfully and constantly cleared hurdles for us with the powers that be, abided our craziness, and generously added his support to Mr. Shooter's whenever needed. And finally, **Jo Duffy,** our managing editor, who, in addition to the regular barrage of **Epic Comics** she personally edits, also pulls **Epic Illustrated** together every issue, making sure everything is where it's supposed to be when it's supposed to be there at each and every stage, adding her creative input and considerable writing skills to the magazine's contents, and in general making the gentleman whose name appears at the end of this column look far better than he would if left to his own devices.

Lastly, we can't end the thank yous without offering the biggest we can muster for all of you who have read **Epic** and supported it issue after issue. You've been a unique audience, far more varied and unpredictable than that of almost any publishing venture we've ever handled. You've made our five years of publication fun, fascinating, and, best of all, never boring. We look forward to having you with us for any one or all of the many comics and special projects **Epic** will be doing in the *next* five years. But for now, good-bye, and thanks.

THE ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR COMICS STORY CONTEST

Last year at the popular **Atlanta Fantasy Fair** convention, which is

devoted to science-fiction and fantasy in books, film, games, and comics, we held a talent search as part of the convention's amateur art show, picking some ten promising illustrations to run as a portfolio in the magazine. The idea was well-received both at the convention and when the feature ran in our February 1985 issue. To follow up on that success, the Fantasy Fair's co-director, **Lamar Waldron,** suggested that at this year's convention, instead of picking single paintings and drawings, we judge full comics stories. To make it feasible for entrants to be able to complete stories in time for the contest, we set a limit of one to four pages. It still represented quite a challenge for relative newcomers in telling stories with both art and words. Still, the general level of entries was impressive even though the demand—multiple pictures instead of just one, all in service of expressing a total story or theme rather than a single scene—was considerably more complex than the previous year. It also made judging far more difficult; a good story might not be accompanied by equally accomplished artwork and vice-versa. Nonetheless, we narrowed the selection down to three pieces; if more space had been available, we might well have gone with one or two more entries. All in all, a good showing and an interesting exercise. We hope you give a careful look to the three winning pieces, starting on page 23. In order of appearance, they are: **Fortresses,** a haunting poem written by **Chelsea Mann** of Lindenwald, New Jersey and illustrated by former Florida artist **Michael White,** now relocated to Connecticut; **Sarvúl,** a humorous and pointed fantasy, with art and script by **Cheryl Manaus** of Dunwoody, Georgia; and **Felina,** an integrated text and pictorial essay into surrealism by **Eddie H. Terrill** of Atlanta, Georgia. We think the **Atlanta Fantasy Fair** and its directors, **Lamar Waldron, Harley Anton,** and **Bart Sacher,** can be proud of the talent their convention attracts, and we offer our congratulations and best hopes for the future to our three winners.

BOB WIACEK: THE MAN, THE LEGEND, THE UNCREDITED INKER

Last issue, we ran a double-length episode of our ongoing series, **The Last Galactus Story.** Because the longer episode took writer/penciler **John Byrne** more time to complete his end of the chapter, the regular inker, **Terry Austin,** found he couldn't fit this episode into his schedule. Trooper that he is, Terry didn't leave us in the lurch. He talked his friend and fellow inker, **Bob Wiacek,** into filling in for him. A good choice. Bob and Terry both apprenticed under the same top-flight inker, **Dick Giordano** (who, rumor has it, does some occasional comic book editing these days in between inking assignments) and both have earned a great deal of experience and praise with their handling of Byrne's work—Terry on **X-Men** and Bob on **Alpha Flight** and, more recently, **The Hulk.** As a show of appreciation for Bob's good deed, we not only failed to mention his guest appearance here in the **Overview** column, we also—as we do automatically each month on any continuing featured—picked up Terry Austin's inking credit from the previous **Contents Page** and ran it where Bob's should have gone. So, the upshot for helping us out in a pinch was absolutely no credit at all for Mr. Wiacek. Luckily for Bob, it was our next-to-the-last issue instead of the last. We have this space in which to make amends. Bob, our apologies for the oversight and we promise faithfully that it won't happen again. At least never in these pages.

—**Archie Goodwin**

IT'S NOT OVER YET

COMING THIS SPRING

AN EPIC SPECIAL

featuring

the CONCLUSION of the LAST GALACTUS STORY

by
JOHN BYRNE
and
TERRY AUSTIN

ON SALE AT ALL COMICS SPECIALTY SHOPS

Consult your local Yellow Pages under "Books" for the shop nearest you

FEEDBACK

letters & comments

Dear Stan and Archie,

I have been purchasing your magazine since Day One, and have not missed an **Epic** yet. This fact should tell you what I think, however, I had not written yet and felt it was time. I am not going to analyze the last mag, because what one man thinks is gold, another thinks is dirt, and vice versa. This letter is written only to tell you:

"You Look Marvelous!"

Jim Tignor
Hampton, VA

Dear Stan and Archie,

I have just seen **Epic #31.** That is not to be confused with having just *bought* **Epic #31.** It was the worst issue of **Epic** in a long time, and the first I haven't bought since issue #16. If you want to know what I didn't like about the current issue, I suggest you re-read my last letter (particularly the part about art quality, in terms of both quality printing and quality artists), though I understand that you don't really have any reason to do so.

Not too long ago, I found out **Epic** is going to be cancelled with issue #34. In view of issue #31, perhaps this is for the best. In my last letter, I talked about how much I have enjoyed **Epic** and about the magazine's potential, both realized and unrealized. I have been a faithful reader since issue one, and instead of appreciating my loyalty, and the loyalty of many other readers, you choose to just crank out the last few issues and get it over with, no final blaze of glory, nothing. Yes, I have been a faithful reader, and you let me down. It is clear **Epic's** full potential will never be realized. I just wish its demise could be a little more dignified.

Dave Berkebile
Boca Raton, FL

Dear Stan and Archie,

It was with a stunned sense of regret that I recently learned of the imminent demise of **Epic Illustrated,** reported to be with issue #34. As I understand it the decision was made not because of any decline in sales, but due to the extraordinary amount of time involved in putting each issue together. If so, then that's a real shame. **Epic** has always meant class to me. I love fantasy, s-f and horror stories yet these are areas comics have not favored very much, superheroes and mutant teams being the mainstay of the business. Now, with you gone, that only leaves **Heavy Metal** in the market to fill the void. Your demise leaves a big hole to fill.

From the very beginning your goal was to publish the best artists and writers and to this end you succeeded admirably. Cover paintings by **Frazetta, Corben, Steranko, Smith, Conrad, Bolton, Adams, Hickman, Brunner, Kaluta, Brothers Hildebrandt, Chaykin, Vallejo, Wrightson, Jones** and **Gulacy.** Interior art by the likes of: **Wendy Pini, John Buscema, Jim Starlin, Arthur Suydam, John Byrne, Rick Veitch, Tim Conrad, Howard Claykin, Craig Russell, John Bolton, Neal Adams, Bodé, Barry Smith, Charles Vess, Jon Muth, Mike Saenz, Ken Macklin, Pepe Moreno, Ken Steacy, John & Laura Lakey, Berni Wrightson, Dave Sim** and **John Zack.** A veritable who's who in established and up-and-coming talent! Add to that illustrious list writers such as **Archie Goodwin, Chris Claremont, Larry Todd, Harlan Ellison, Michael Moorcock, Roy Thomas, Jo Duffy, Jim Starlin, Rick Veitch** (double-barrelled threats!) and **Stan Lee,** and you can see why **Epic Illustrated** will be sorely missed.

I'm hopeful that, as **Jo Duffy** told me in my whirlwind visit to the Marvel offices, it can be revived at some point in the future. Perhaps in a package similar to **Amazing High Adventure.** Until then, adios, amigos. A treasured place awaits you in my collection.

Gary Kimber
Downsview, Ont., Canada

Dear Stan and Archie,

This card is for **Jon J Muth, Kent Williams, Archie Goodwin, Victor de la Fuente, Paty Cockrum, Marc Hemppel,** and of course **Christopher Claremont** and **John Bolton.** When I read this issue over and over again until it falls apart, I will think of and thank each of you in my heart for your part in issue #31 of **Epic Illustrated.** It was great because of you.

Archie and **Victor**—thank you! I thank you for the villain's side of that particular legend, especially for adapting it to the American Western. I love **Louis L'Amour's** books and have most of them. Your story reminded me of him. Thanks.

Jennifer Jones
(No Address Given)

Dear Stan and Archie,

I've been reading **Epic** for almost a year now. But I've yet to come across a strip that really made me say, "WOW!" Until now, issue #32's **Nagrul Rising** by **Gonzalo Mayo.** Who is this artist? I'd like to see more from him. I've looked at the strip several times now, and each time I discover something I didn't see before. Especially on the two-page layout. This strip is great; give me more. Another thing I'd like to know is, where can I find the monthly black and white of **Cerebus**? You spoke of this in the piece **Age of Cerebus.** I think the little guy's great. All in all I find your magazine to be excellent reading. Keep up the good work.

Seann Vowell
Walnut Creek, CA

Dear Stan and Archie,

I have just purchased and read issue #32 of **Epic Illustrated.** I originally purchased **Epic** when you first started printing **The Last Galactus Story.** When I first purchased **Epic,** this was originally a six-part series. Then it was changed to nine...then twelve...now I think it's still twelve but I'm not sure. The way the story's shaping, it won't be finished by fifty! The artwork's good, but has **Byrne** ever heard of plot? From what I've heard, **Epic Illustrated** will quit be published when **The Last Galactus Story** ends. Is this true?

Enough for criticism. First off, I enjoyed **The Surprise in the Box of Toast Poasties.** It was great! (Oh, no, I'm being attacked by **Pac Man** marshmallows! Ha! Ha!). Secondly, I was very happy that you published the portfolio of **Cerebus.** Oh boy, Samurai **Cerebus!!!** **Dave Sim** is definitely one of my favorite artists, if not the most. I hope you publish more of his artwork in the future. Lastly, although this issue did not contain it, I've been very impressed with the **Cobalt 60** series. I am waiting for the second half of the series.

Andrew Lienau
Huntsville, AL

Dear Stan and Archie,

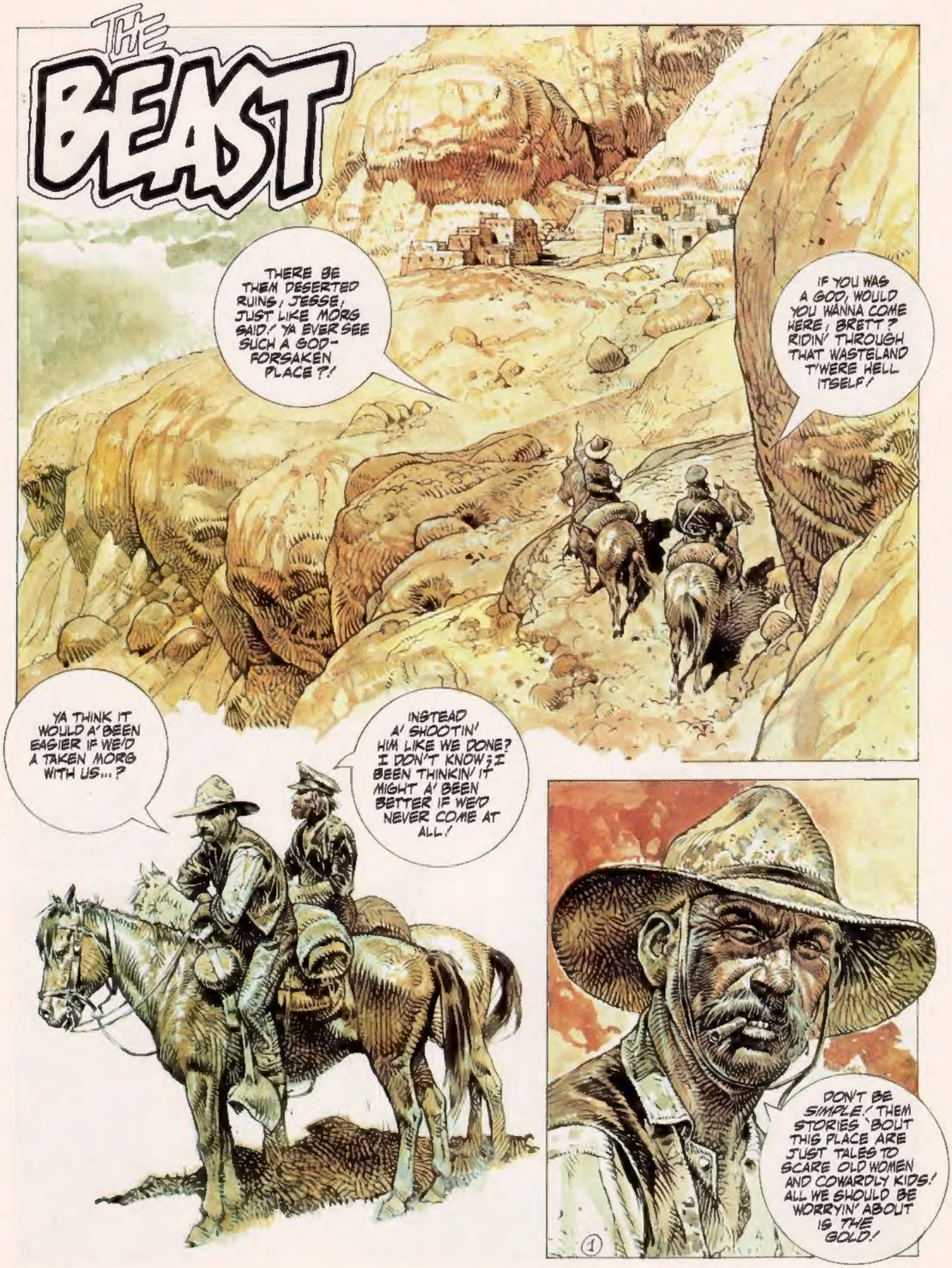
I've been reading Epic since issue 16, and I decided it was time I wrote to you.

In issue #32, I loved **Predators!** I've never read anything by **Edward Bryant,** but this story makes me want to find some immediately.

Traveller reminded me very much of **Bradbury's Sound of Thunder.** It was okay, but it can't compare to **Bradbury's** story.

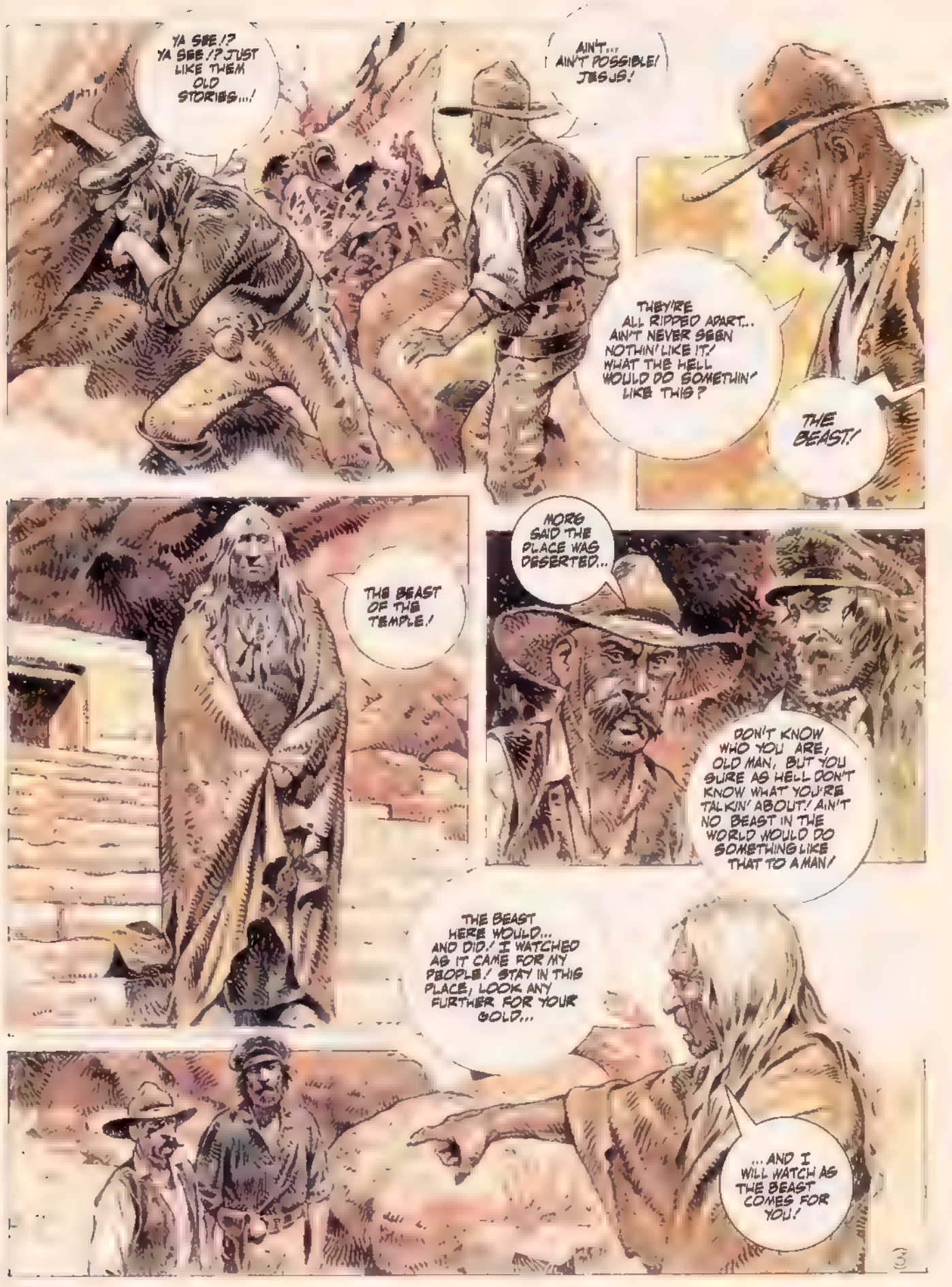
Probably my favorite part was the **Savage Tales** preview. It's good to know **Severin** is working on something other than **Cracked** (a waste of his talent). Now if you could just get him to do a science-fiction story for you, like he did for **EC** with **Elder**...

Erich Mees
Dunwoody, GA


THE BEAST
THERE BE THEM DESERTED RUINS, JESSE, JUST LIKE MORG SAID! YA EVER SEE SUCH A GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE?!
IF YOU WAS A GOD, WOULD YOU WANNA COME HERE, BRETT? RIDIN' THROUGH THAT WASTELAND T'WERE HELL ITSELF!
YA THINK IT WOULD A' BEEN EASIER IF WE'D A TAKEN MORG WITH US...?
INSTEAD A' SHOOTIN' HIM LIKE WE DONE? I DON'T KNOW; I BEEN THINKIN' IT MIGHT A' BEEN BETTER IF WE'D NEVER COME AT ALL!
DON'T BE SIMPLE! THEM STORIES 'BOUT THIS PLACE ARE JUST TALES TO SCARE OLD WOMEN AND COWARDLY KIDS! ALL WE SHOULD BE WORRYIN' ABOUT IS THE GOLD!
1

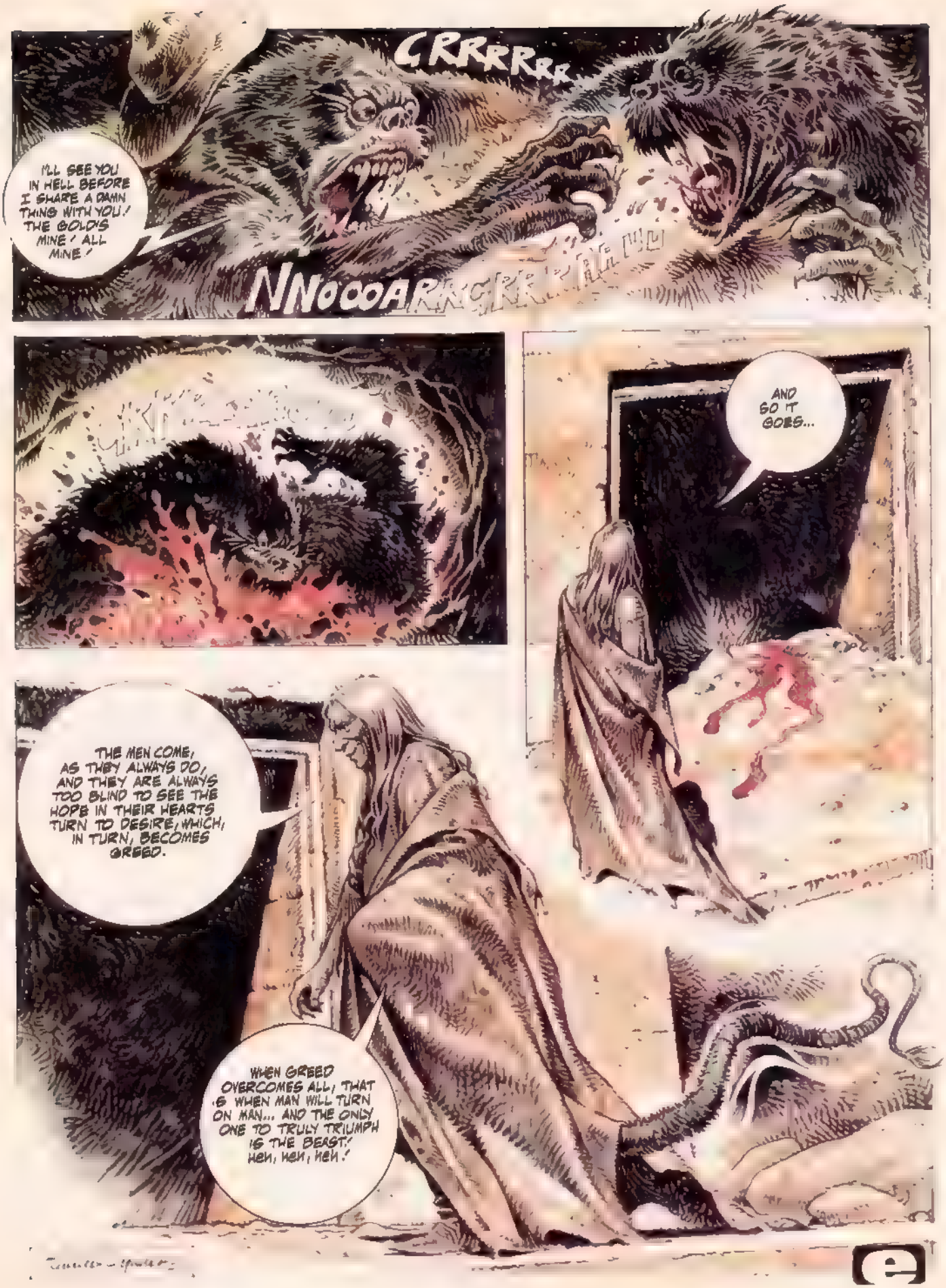
© 1985 Paolo Eluteri Serpieri

YA SEE THAT PLACE UP THE TOP A' THEM STAIRS, THE ONE WITH THE INDIAN MARKINGS? THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE GOLD!
THAT GODAWFUL STENCH... DO YA SMELL IT?
I BETCHA A NIGHT AT MISS ROSIES THAT THEM MARKING'S ARE AN INDIAN'S WAY A' SAYIN' GOLD!
THE SMELL'S EVERYWHERE... IT'S HORRIBLE!
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO BE RICH MEN!
REMINDS ME OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSES I WORKED IN... THEY ALWAYS STUNK OF ROT AND BLOOD...
OH, NO! BRETT! BRETT, OH, CHRIST...!
2


YA SEE!? YA SEE!? JUST LIKE THEM OLD STORIES...!
AIN'T... AIN'T POSSIBLE! JESUS!
THEY'RE ALL RIPPED APART... AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT! WHAT THE HELL WOULD DO SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS?
THE BEAST!
THE BEAST OF THE TEMPLE!
MORG SAID THE PLACE WAS DESERTED...
DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OLD MAN, BUT YOU SURE AS HELL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT! AIN'T NO BEAST IN THE WORLD WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO A MAN!
THE BEAST HERE WOULD... AND DID! I WATCHED AS IT CAME FOR MY PEOPLE! STAY IN THIS PLACE, LOOK ANY FURTHER FOR YOUR GOLD...
...AND I WILL WATCH AS THE BEAST COMES FOR YOU!

SHUDDAP AND GET OUTTA MY WAY! YA CRAZY--!
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? YOU CRAZY, TOO?
I... I CAN'T GO IN THERE!
NO! DON'T DO IT, BRETT!
YOU REALLY ARE SIMPLE, AIN'T YA? THE GOLD'S IN THERE!
WHAT IF THAT AIN'T ALL THAT'S IN THERE? WHAT IF THERE IS SOMETHIN' IN THERE, SOME ANIMAL WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT?!
I'LL TELL YA SOMETHIN', PAL: I'M GOIN' IN THERE, AND NOTHIN' -- NO STINKIN' OLD INDIAN AND NO MONSTER -- IS GONNA STOP ME!
AND IF YOU AIN'T COMIN' WITH ME AMIGO, AT LEAST SHUT UP THAT OLD DESERT RAT!

CHRIST! IT'S DARK! CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING... 'CEPT...
[redacted]THIN' SHININ' AND SPARKLIN' OVER THERE IN THE CORNER! THERE IT IS! IT'S THE GOLD!
GOLD!
SO MUCH OF IT! PILES AND PILES OF GOLD! ALL FOR ME!
FOR YOU!? YOU FORGET WE'RE PARTNERS AWFUL QUICK, BRETT!
HALF A' THAT GOLD'S MINE AND I MEAN TO TAKE IT WITH ME!
GET OUTTA MY WAY, YOU PIG! THIS GOLD BELONGS TO ME!
YOU BASTARD! IS THIS WHAT WE'VE COME TO? FIGHTIN' LIKE DOGS OVER A PILE A' RICHES?!
THE BEAST...!
5


I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL BEFORE I SHARE A DAMN THING WITH YOU! THE GOLD'S MINE! ALL MINE!
GRRRRRR
NNOOOAARRGGRR
AND SO IT GOES...
THE MEN COME, AS THEY ALWAYS DO, AND THEY ARE ALWAYS TOO BLIND TO SEE THE HOPE IN THEIR HEARTS TURN TO DESIRE, WHICH, IN TURN, BECOMES GREED.
WHEN GREED OVERCOMES ALL, THAT IS WHEN MAN WILL TURN ON MAN... AND THE ONLY ONE TO TRULY TRIUMPH IS THE BEAST! HEH, HEH, HEH!

A BUBBLE OF SILENCE PRESSES AGAINST MY EARDRUMS. SECONDS LATER THE WINDOWS SHAKE AS THE SHUTTLE FROM DEIMOS SCREAMS OVERHEAD.
LIVING NEAR THE UPYARDS IS DEPRESSING. I'VE ALWAYS SAID I'D LEAVE IF NOT FOR BRUNO...
EVERY NIGHT, HOME FROM WORK, I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING DRIFTY AND COMFORTABLE AND WAIT FOR HIM, LISTENING TO THE SPACESHIPS.
SOMETIMES HE ARRIVES LATE, SOMETIMES NOT AT ALL.
AFTER TONIGHT, BRUNO, I'M NOT WAITING ANYMORE.
BLURT
YOU SEE, IT ISN'T THE LIES, OR THE WAY YOU TREAT ME IN PUBLIC. IT'S NOT YOUR OTHER LOVER, OR THIS WHOLE STUPID PRETENCE YOU KEEP UP...
IT'S THE WAITING.
LOVE DOESN'T LAST FOREVER, BRUNO...
8:30 ARRIVES; HE DOESN'T. SLOTTING AN OLD BOWIE DICE INTO THE TETRAPHONE I LISTEN WHILE I PACK. ANYTHING TO DROWN THE DIN OF THE UPYARDS.
'IF YOU DON'T STAY TONIGHT, I WILL TAKE THAT PLANE TONIGHT. I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE, NOTHING TO GAIN. I'LL KISS YOU IN THE RAIN...
'IN THE RAIN...'
THE DEAD SINGERS ARE STILL THE BEST.
IT'S A QUARTER TO NINE.
BRUNO, WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?
TITAN
ONE WAY
Love Doesn't Last Forever
ALAN MOORE
WRITER
RICK VEITCH
ARTIST
©1985 MOORE AND VEITCH

EARLIER:
HI, CHANA. Y'KNOW, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME TALKING DIRTY TO THE LITTLE PRINCE BACK THERE.
HE'S SAVIN' IT FOR MR. RIGHT!
SAY, I HEARD THIS JOKE, RIGHT?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVE AND HERPES?
UH.. LOOK, I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE TO SERVE THIS CUSTOMER. HE'S BEEN WAITING...
OH, BRUNO. YOU'RE TERRIBLE...
DRESSED UP NICE, THOUGH. WHOSE WIFE TONIGHT, BRUNO?
OH, CHANA, YOU'RE EMBARASSING THE BOY.
OH, I DUNNO... MAYBE I'LL TAKE THIS CUTE LITTLE FILLY OUT FOR A SKIM...
HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT, PRINCESS?
HEY, PLEASE, MR. MORSE, I DON'T...
AWW, BRUNO...
LEAVE HIM ALONE...
HIM? YOU MEAN IT'S A BOY? GEE, I DIDN'T REALIZE. SORRY FELLA.
HEY, GIMME A PACK O' THESE PHAETON RUBBERS, WILLYA'?
THAT'LL BE FOUR DOLLARS, MR. MORSE.
HEY, BRUNO, YOU'RE JUMPIN' THE LINE. THIS GUY WAS BEFORE YOU...
¿PLIS?

HEY... MY APOLOGIES. YOU'RE AN ARCTURAN, RIGHT? LISTEN, I HEARD THIS GAG. YOU'LL LOVE IT...
"WHAT DO YOU CALL A BOWL OF SPAGHETTI WITH A GARTER BELT WRAPPED AROUND IT?"
GIVE UP?
"AN ARCTURAN HOOKER."
HA HA HA HA HA!
OH BRUNO, THAT'S MEAN...
ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHIN', 'SMY MOTTO.
SEE YOU LADIES AROUND...
2PLIG?
FA

SHERLAIGNE?
SHERLAIGNE, HONEY? IT'S ME...
HEY, SHERLAIGNE?
WHERE THE HELL...
... ARE...
HHUHNH...
OH NO.
OH JESUS...
PUT 'EM UP, BRUNO.
NICE AN' SLOW...

M-MILBUR?
OH GOD.
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHERLAIGNE TOLD YOU, BUT THIS ISN'T HOW IT LOOKS..
SHUT UP AND SIDDOWN, BRUNO.
THERE'S SOMETHIN' I HAVE TO DO BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER...
WH...?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? OH JESUS, MILBUR, LOOK, PLEASE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO..
SHUT UP. IT'S JUST A TRUTH-PAD. REGISTERS SKIN-RESISTANCE AND LIGHTS UP BLUE IF YOU TELL ANY LIES..
NOW, I TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU JAZZIN' SHERLAIGNE.
ALL I WANNA' KNOW IS THIS:
YOU BEEN SCREWIN' WITH ANY OTHER WOMEN THESE PAST TWO MONTHS?
N-NO.
NO, I AIN'T. BUT...
RED, YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH.
WELL, THANK THE LORD FOR THAT AT LEAST.
OKAY, BRUNO. I GUESS I BETTER TELL YOU HOW THINGS ARE AROUND HERE..

SEE, SHERLAIGNE AIN'T THE ONLY ONE BEEN MESSIN' ROUND ON THE SIDE.
I DONE MY SHARE OF IT, TOO.
WELL, THAT'S ONLY NATURAL, MILBUR. I MEAN...
NO, BRUNO. THAT'S THE POINT. WHAT I DONE AIN'T NATURAL.
BECAUSE I DID IT TO AN ALIEN.
AN...?
OH JEEZ, MILBUR...
YEAH. OH JEEZ.
DUNNO WHY I DID IT. IT WAS A DENEBIAN FEMALE. YOU KNOW THEM? LONG LEGS, LONG NECKS...
THEY GOT THESE LITTLE CONES GROWIN' OUTTA' THEIR SPINES, AND WHEN YOU TOUCH 'EM, THEY...
...WELL, NEVER MIND. I DID IT. FOUR OR FIVE TIMES. COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK NOW.
THREE WEEKS AGO I NOTICED A RASH ON MY HANDS. PRETTY MUCH LIKE THE RASH ON YOUR HANDS, BRUNO.
IT'S GOT WORSE SINCE THEN...
YOU SEE, BRUNO?
YOU SEE WHY I HAD TO KNOW IF YOU HAD ANY OTHER WOMEN?

OH GOD... OH GOD... WHAT...
SOME KINDA' ALIEN VENEREAL DISEASE. I DUNNO HOW IT AFFECTS THEM, BUT IT SURE MAKES A MESS OUTTA' HUMANS.
WE CAN'T LET IT SPREAD, BRUNO. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
THE GANYMEDE SHUTTLE'S DUE OVER IN A SECOND.. FEEL THAT PRESSURE IN YOUR EARS? THAT'LL DROWN OUT THE NOISE OF THE SHOTS.
I FIGURE YOU FIRST AND THEN ME...
OH NO..
MILEUR, PLEASE...
FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, I...
I'M SORRY, SHARLAIGNE. IT WAS JUST SOMETHIN' ABOUT HER NECK...
YOU KNOW... THE WAY IT LOOKED.
IT LOOKED KINDA' NICE...

IT'S 9:30...
ALRIGHT, BRUNO. THAT'S IT. NO MORE WAITING.
I CALLED MONTANO AND ASKED HER TO FORWARD THE REST OF MY STUFF TO THE NEW ADDRESS ON TITAN.
THEY SAY TITAN'S THE BIGGEST OF THE IN-SYSTEM STARPORTS. ALWAYS LOTS OF PEOPLE COMING AND GOING...
I THINK I'LL LIKE IT THERE.
THEY'LL GET MY RESIGNATION LETTER AT THE STORE ON MONDAY MORNING. HOPE THERE'S NO PROBLEM GETTING THE BACK PAY I'M DUE.
MY LIFE HERE IS ALL FINISHED AND I DON'T WANT ANY THREADS LEFT DANGLING.
IT'S FUNNY... I WAS DETERMINED TO LEAVE ANY GIFTS THAT YOU'D GIVEN ME BEHIND. WHEN I LOOKED, I REALISED THAT THERE WEREN'T ANY.
ALL THE TIME WE WERE TOGETHER, BRUNO, ALL YOU EVER DID WAS TAKE.
YOU TOOK MY LOVE, YOU TOOK MY SELF-RESPECT, AND IN ALL THAT TIME...
..YOU NEVER GAVE ME ANYTHING AT ALL.
WELCOME ABOARD, SIR. ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT.
A BUBBLE OF SILENCE PRESSES AGAINST MY EARDRUMS.
ONE BY ONE, THE ENGINES BEGIN TO SCREAM...

story © 1985 Chesea Mann / art © 1985 Michael White

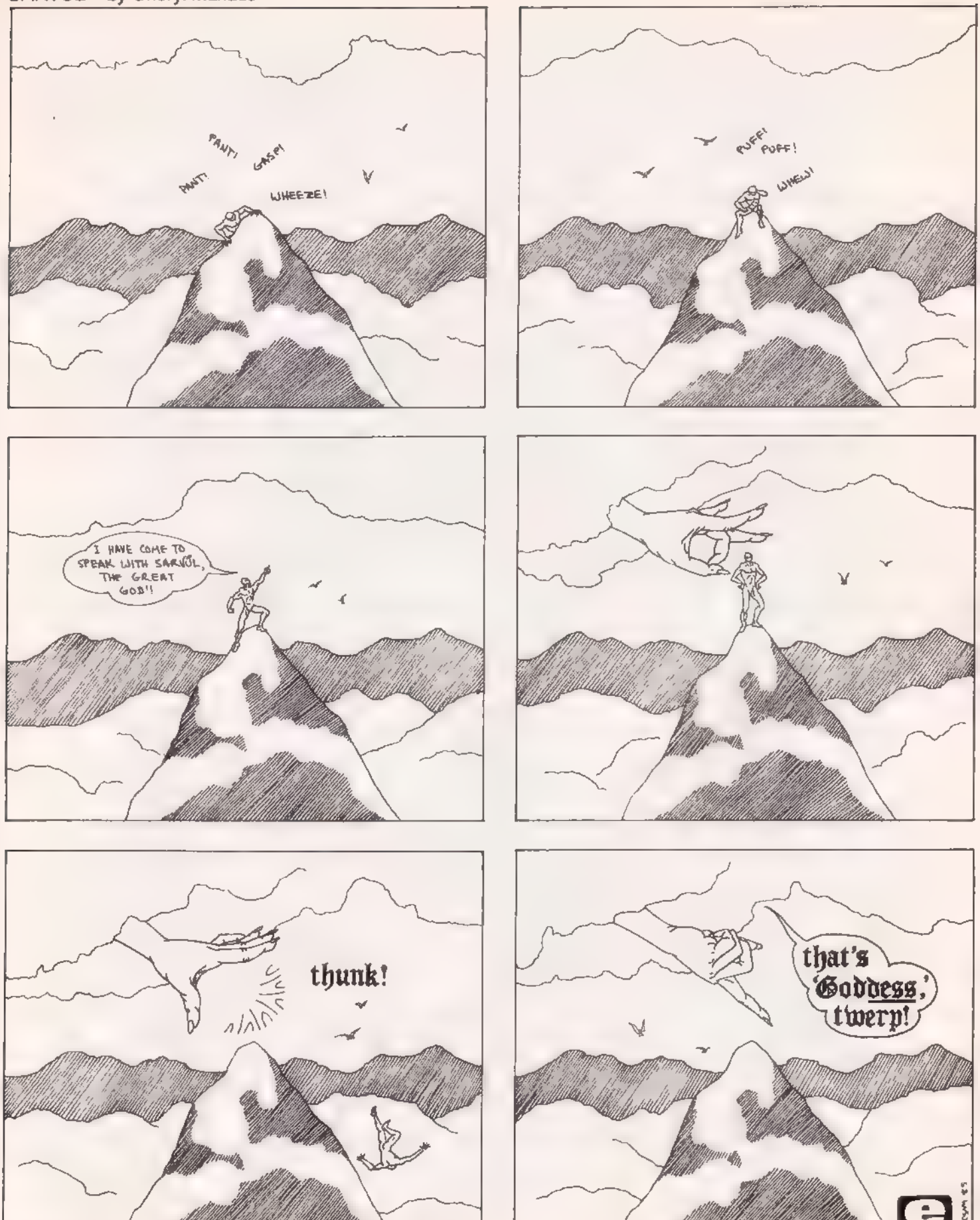
PEAKED ABOVE COBBLE-
SQUARED DOMES
STREAKED BY STAINED
GLASS BEACONS BELOW.
HIGH ON THE NIGHT AIR
NIGH TO THE MOON,
SUPPORTING IN COLUMNS
THE CAVERNS,
THE ROOMS.
FORTRESSES...

SCATTERED IN THE RUBBLE OF WALLS, ABANDONED IN RED STONE, CLUTTER THE FALLS.
GOLD ROOMS REMAINING WITH TREASURES INSIDE
AND WOMAN FEEDING ON GRAPES FROM LONG VINES

FANTASY FAIR CONTEST WINNERS • ATLANTA FA

AND WARRIORS LACED IN LEATHER TO KNEES, SPORTING GREAT CAPES AND CLOAKS.
NEAR THE SEA
IN FORTRESSES.

SARVÚL by Cheryl Manaus



© 1985 Cheryl Manaus

Felina, Of The Strega, had long dreamed of a chance to transcend from the Boundaries of her own world to the land of Faerie. Now her time has come, as she drinks of the cauldron of transformation. Her mind is now one with the reader.
Felina

© 1985 E.H. Terrill

She invokes the power of her animals within herself, as her strength increases. She need not gaze at the magic mirror to realize that she has changed.
Now she begins to break the boundaries of her other self, other story. The time has come for her to break out and start a new life. Her own story so begins....
Let the spell be unbroken!!

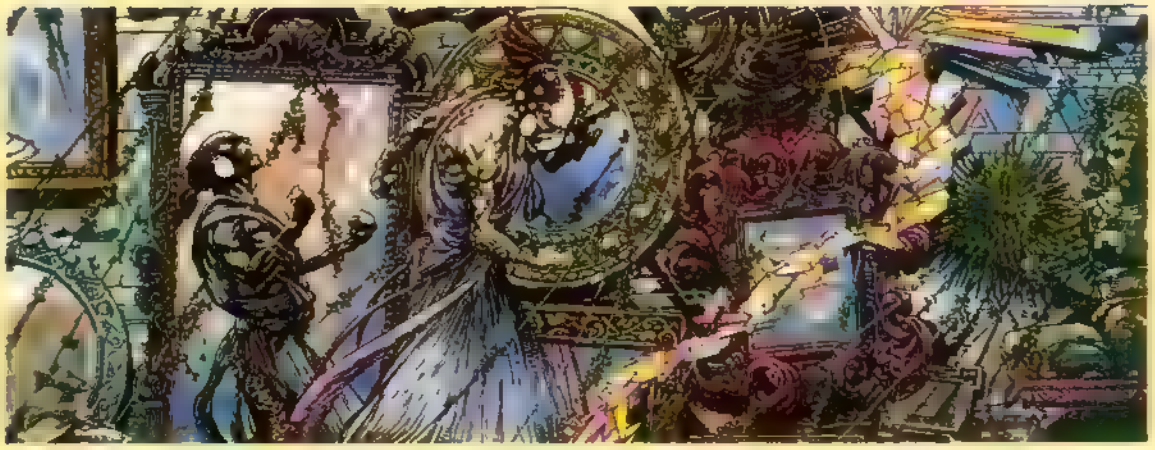
Barry Windsor-Smith

WORKS·IN·PROGRESS

© 1985 The Gorblimey Press

...AND IT'S THAT I JUST DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT THIS.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT HIM.
I KNOW...
HUSH!
I UNDERSTAND, DEAR LADY
BUT THERE SHOULD BE NO GUILT THE MAN IS A MALEFACTOR IN ALL BYES SAVE HIS OWN.
YOU SHED SWEET TEARS AND HURT FOR ONE WHO WOULD NEVER CRY FOR THEE.

Back in the February 1983 issue of *Epic Illustrated*, we featured a cover painting, two black-and-white pieces and a striking full color story, *The Beguiling*, all by Barry Windsor-Smith. This last work marked Barry's return in print to the comics format, and brought a steady chorus of reader requests for more. For some time now, despite a full schedule of mainstream comics appearances such as his recent *X-Men* work, Barry has been bringing along several projects for *Epic*. However, once a date was set for the magazine's final issue, we realized there was no way material as intricate and personal could be rushed to completion in time. Rather than leave readers wondering what might have been, we decided to offer a sampling of the works in progress, providing not only a preview, but the opportunity to see the art in its various working stages as well as near completion.



Appearing on the title page of the article is *Isis*, an oil painting that Barry began last year as a possible cover for the magazine. The penciled panel at the top of the page opposite *Isis* is from what is to finally be an elaborate full color work of some forty to fifty pages, *Sceptor's Web*. The story is a study in romantic intrigue, emotional deception, and medieval sorcery. The color piece at the bottom of the page, like all remaining illustrations here, is from an incomplete fifteen page tale,

Revenge, that Barry has completely written and penciled, and partially inked and colored. This particular panel is all but complete except for the rendering of the main character's earrings. Barry began *Revenge* back in 1977, set it aside once it was laid out and well into the tight-penciled stages, then took up work on it again when the possibility of publishing it in *Epic* arose.

Revenge is an extremely dark and—as these two pages make obvious—sometimes violent work. On one level it is a horrifying tale of supernatural possession, on another, an intense examination of self destruction. The two pictures on this spread are part of the story's dramatic apex and taken out of context; panels from a moment that all the story's preceding pages build to; a point to consider when measuring their impact and personal effect. On the following page is the final panel of *Revenge*. It provides a look at Barry's inking of the story prior to bringing it to finish with water color (seen in the panels on these pages) and offers glimpses of his penciling beneath the inks as well. We're encouraging Barry to continue working on the material. Though this is the last *Epic Illustrated*, we'll still be actively publishing many other projects, and we'll certainly find a place for *Revenge*, *Sceptor's Web*, and *Isis*.

MEDIAVIEW

by Dennis O'Neil

Endings to be useful must be inconclusive.

—Samuel R. Delany

This morning, in New York, I saw some leaves edged with russet. It is jacket weather back east, and even here, in Southern California, there is a hint of chill in the sunshine. I recall that tomorrow is the Autumn Equinox, the end of summer. So it is an odd and appropriate coincidence that I am writing this, the final installment of Mediaview, at this time, and even more odd and appropriate that I am writing it here, in a famous Hollywood hotel. **John Belushi** died a few cottages away and the pool outside my window was the setting for the final scene of **Billy Wilder's** classic **Sunset Boulevard,** in which **Gloria Swanson** finds **William Holden** floating face down. I am virtually surrounded by evidence of the movie industry, concluding a five-year run of a column that has been mostly about movies.

I'll miss doing **Mediaview.** Filling this space every second month has been, for the past half decade, my most interesting and provocative professional duty. Some of the credit for that belongs to the people for whom I've worked, **Archie Goodwin** and **Jo Duffy.** Here's a small secret: **Archie** and I have always disagreed about what **Mediaview** should be. My contention was that anyone interested in the kinds of films and television programs likely to be discussed in **Epic** would have already read a bunch of reviews and probably seen the work in question by the time a bi-monthly magazine appeared. Therefore, I felt I shouldn't bother with reviews and concentrate instead on a broader discussion. **Archie** believed that science-fiction and comic fans always want to read another opinion and that reviewing was my proper chore. Despite this disagreement, though, **Archie** has never imposed on me to do it his way and in fact has always encouraged me to try whatever I wanted. The result was that I wrote reviews only when I was either flat against a deadline or totally devoid of ideas—too often, unfortunately. As for **Jo,** the person who had to do the actual dirty-fingernails editing...She has had to put up with dirty copy, broken promises and more general grief than my self-esteem allows me to remember, and she's not only kept smiling, she's seconded **Archie's** cheerleading—her usual editorial advice has been "Go for it"—AND she has earned my everlasting gratitude by never touching a word except to improve it. That is the rarest gift anyone can give a writer.

It hasn't all been wonderful, of course. I have two regrets. The first is that I have occasionally succumbed to the temptation to take a cheap shot. It is a bitch-kitty of a temptation because most writers want, in the recesses of their souls, to be loved, and so they yearn to entertain their readers. I am no exception. Cheap shots—call them witty observations or barbed remarks, if you will—are easy entertainment, a fact several comedians and perhaps one or two critics have built reputations on. But cheap shots are not the stuff of enlightenment. **Dorothy Parker's** famous dump on **Katherine Hepburn**—"She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B"—probably caused a lot of **Ms. Parker's** readers to grin, but what does it really say about **Ms. Hepburn's** performance?

My second regret is that I haven't received much positive reader response. I've autographed enough of these pages at conventions to know that people see them, but few have been moved to send comment. I have gotten some hate mail—more on that later—and one long, terrific letter from a university English instructor which helped lead me to the novels of **Philip K. Dick.** (I've misplaced this teacher's name, but I hope she somehow learns that I'm grateful to her.) Anyway, I hoped to establish a dialogue between you and me, and I'm sorry it hasn't happened.

The vehemence of the hate mail reminded me that art—drama, *stories*—touch us deeply. After all, why get angry over an hour's entertainment? But we do. Rational men, who can discuss war, taxes, pollution, pestilence and disease calmly, reasonably, become maniacal when their favorite movie is attacked. My conclusion is that although we talk about art, it really engages us on a pre-rational, and maybe pre-verbal level, and *that* is what we should mull.

That sort of realization is what's made doing **Mediaview** so stimulating. Having to think systematically and critically about movies and television has forced me to change how I look at them, how I consider them. I'm not prepared to offer a critical manifesto, not in the few hundred words I have left, not now, and probably never. But I will advance some hesitant observations.

I'm becoming convinced that we seldom apply relevant criteria to the mass media. We say that this is good, the other is bad, measuring them by post-Aristotelian standards which are useful in judging individual works of art—single works which manifest some individual person's taste, talent, ideas, convictions, *zeitgeist.* But modern movies and broadcasts are *not* single works because the average American is exposed to so many of them. They are phenomena. They are environment. We should observe them and try to determine what effect the mass production—the industrialization—of myth and story is having on our collective psyche. Is it evolving us? And if it is, to what?

Forget **Aristotle. Marshall McLuhan** should be our philosopher, and while we're at it, let's reread **Phil Dick** and **Carl Gustav Jung.**

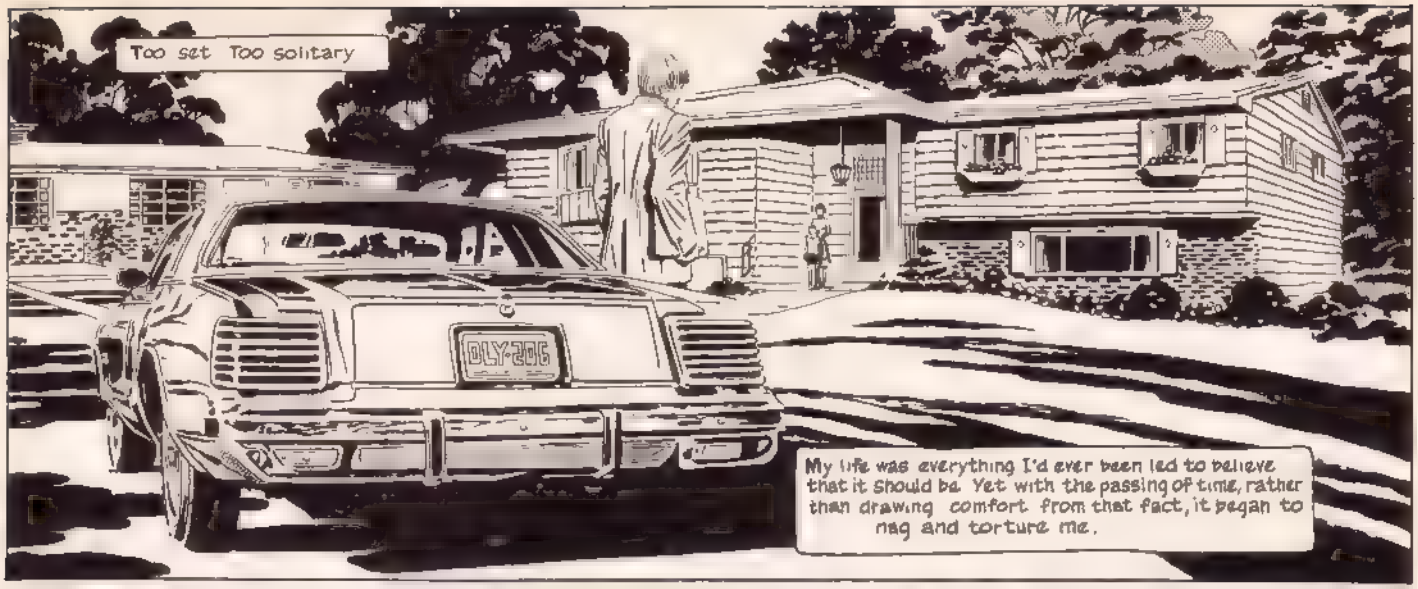
Or learn from the physicists. Since **Einstein,** scientists have known that there are no absolutes in physical phenomena, only relationships. Something similar is almost certainly true of spiritual and aesthetic phenomena—of song, story, music, myth, poem, dance and, yes, of religion, too, and of the media which convey them to us. The study of material relationships is slowly enabling scientists to comprehend the nature of the physical universe. Isn't it possible that studying the relationship of ourselves to what we find inspiring, entertaining and meaningful might enable us to comprehend the nature of mankind? To finally define exactly who we are and what we're doing here?

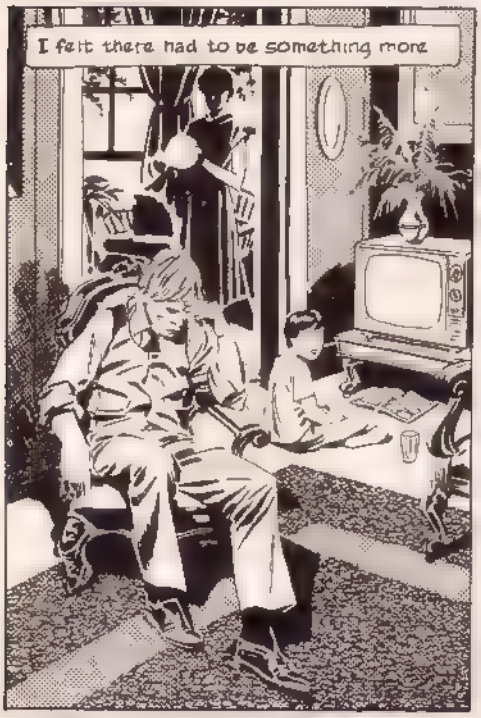
Weighty questions. Just asking them leaves me befuddled and a bit exhausted. So I'll stop now and go out into the last night of summer in Hollywood, U.S.A., the city whose most prominent citizens are generally too busy making product for the world's screens to bother with weighty questions, gaze into the swimming pool a while—there will be no **William Holden,** no **Gloria Swanson**—and then, if I'm not ready for sleep quite yet, I'll stroll down the real Sunset Boulevard, the one that exists outside strips of celluloid and the imaginations of two generations of audiences, and reflect on how much I've enjoyed viewing the media with and for you, and how melancholy I felt writing this, a sentence that must end with a farewell

story © 1985 Archie Goodwin/artwork © 1985 Al Williamson

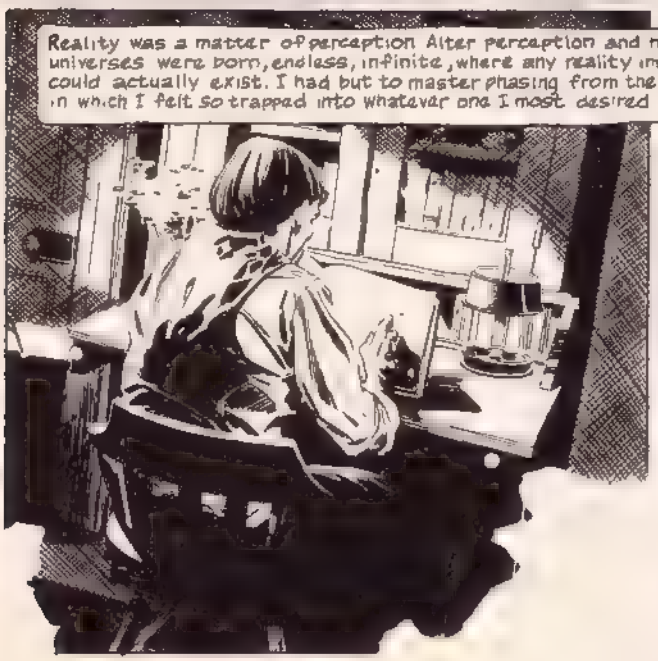
Most see it as something singular and solitary
I know it is infinite

Yet with a multitude of realities to move among, to explore...
STRODE! YOU DID IT!
YOU'VE MADE THIS PLACE SAFE AT LAST!
any single one, no matter how satisfying.
NOW THERE'LL BE TIME FOR US... FOR ALL WE'VE EVER WANTED.
grows more and more difficult to maintain
Of course, this hasn't always been true
There was a time when the reality I knew was just as set and solitary as that of anyone else.


Too set Too solitary
DLY-206
My life was everything I'd ever been led to believe that it should be. Yet with the passing of time, rather than drawing comfort from that fact, it began to nag and torture me.

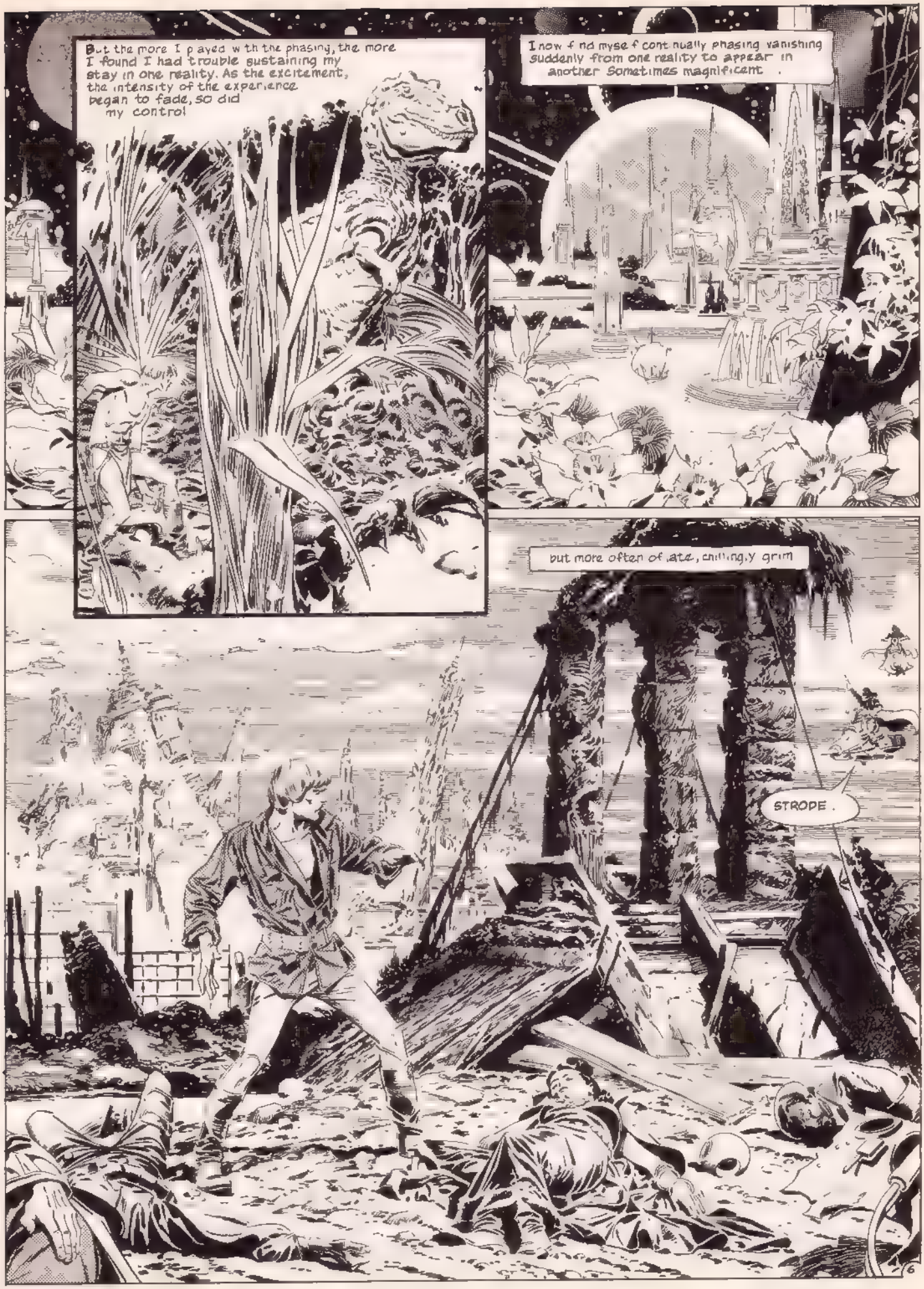

I felt there had to be something more

and I began to search for it in even odder and stranger places. That search was long and all-consuming...
...but it led eventually to knowledge; mostly ancient, often ridiculed, sometimes forbidden


Reality was a matter of perception. Alter perception and new universes were born, endless, infinite, where any reality imagined could actually exist. I had but to master phasing from the reality in which I felt so trapped into whatever one I most desired

That mastery escaped me, frustrated me. Yet drove me on to the exclusion of everything else

Then, even as the demands of my reality became too pressing, too overwhelming to continue to postpone and ignore.. I suddenly experienced success.
Not total. Mearly a brushing of one reality with another
. but it was the breakthrough I needed, the hint that what I was trying to achieve was not a crackpot dream but entirely possible Soon enough I was locking out one limited existence and setting my mind...
to phase into another, far more amazing and wonderful!
And having discovered such an ability, it was difficult not to test it, to continually explore the infinite realities, the limitless lives that might have been mine...
.. and in these alternative universes WERE!
RGK2
5


But the more I p ayed w th the phasing, the more I found I had trouble sustaining my stay in one reality. As the excitement, the intensity of the experience began to fade, so did my control
I now f nd myse f cont nually phasing vanishing suddenly from one reality to appear in another Sometimes magnificent .
but more often of late, chillingly grim
STRODE .
6

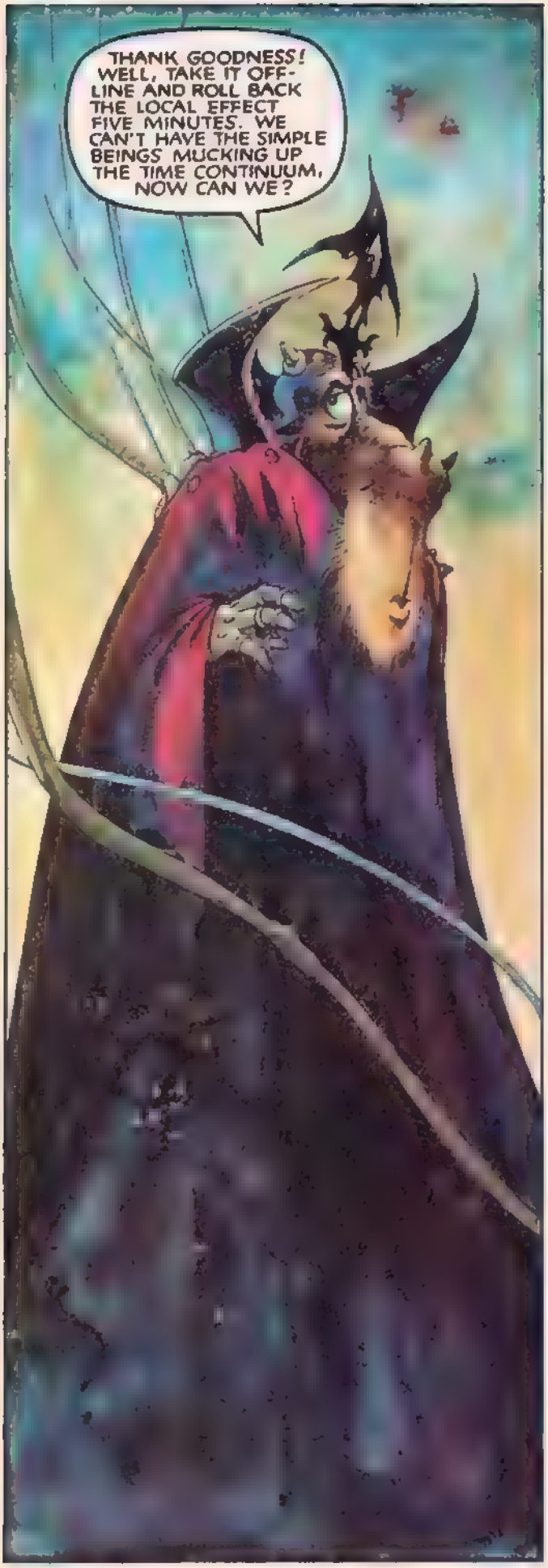
PUT DOWN THE WEAPON
NO REASON TO MAKE THIS MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT ALREADY IS.
STRODE, YOU FOOL! WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
YOU'RE A SICK MAN...
. BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK TO REALITY IN TIME, MR STRODE
Reality is a strange and curious thing
Most see it as something singular and solitary
I know it is infinite

Dr. WATCHSTOP
IN
"WASTING TIME"
WELL, PROFESSOR, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS ALIEN!
YES, IT'S AN ARTIFACT FROM ERIDANI III. NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA EXACTLY WHAT IT DOES.
HOW DID YOU GET IT?
IT'S ON LOAN FROM THE INTERSTELLAR ARCHEOLOGIC AGENCY. THEY DIDN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT. THERE ARE NO INTERFACES TO SUGGEST THAT IT'S PART OF A LARGER DEVICE OF A SINGULAR FUNCTION, THOUGH IT COULD BE PART OF A LARGER SYSTEM.

© 1985 Ken Macklin

THESE DISPLAYS INDICATE A CHRONOLOGICAL FUNCTION. IT COULD DEAL WITH A MODULATION OF TIME... I'M NOT CERTAIN.
WHERE DO YOU PLUG IT IN?
IF IT CONVERTS ENERGY IN ANY WAY, THERE'S NO CLUE AS TO HOW. THOUGH IT'S ASSEMBLED FROM SUB-COMPONENTS, THERE ARE NO MOVING PARTS... EXCEPT FOR ONE CYLINDRICAL PROJECTION.
MUST GET GREAT GAS MILEAGE. HAVE YOU TRIED MANIPULATING THE PROJECTION?
DON'T TOUCH TH...!

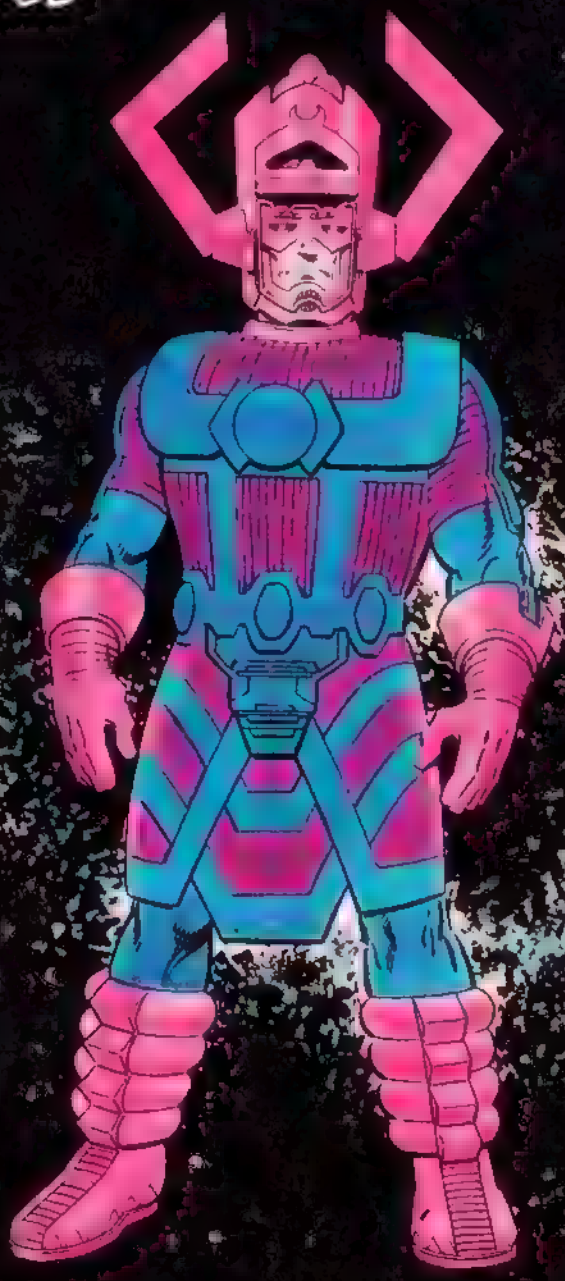
DO YOU HAVE THE REPORT, KLAXOR?
YES SIR, THE LOST PHASILATOR HAS BEEN ACTIVATED NEAR THE EDGE OF THE SPIRAL GALAXY. IT'S STILL IN INPUT MODE.
TRANSMISSION CONFIRMED. FORWARD TO HOME WORLD.


THANK GOODNESS! WELL, TAKE IT OFF-LINE AND ROLL BACK THE LOCAL EFFECT FIVE MINUTES. WE CAN'T HAVE THE SIMPLE BEINGS MUCKING UP THE TIME CONTINUUM, NOW CAN WE?

WELL, PROFESSOR, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS ALIEN!
YES, IT'S AN ARTIFACT FROM ERIDANI III. NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA EXACTLY WHAT IT DOES.

THE LAST GALACTUS STORY

CHAPTER NINE:
THE FACE OF THE FOE



NOVA!

WITH SOMETHING VERY CLOSE TO URGENCY THE TELEPATHIC SIGNAL RINGS OUT.

TIME AND DISTANCE SHRINK TO INSIGNIFICANCE AS THE PROBING MIND OF **GALACTUS** SIFTS THROUGH THE SWIRLING COSMOS.

NOVA!

HE IS SEARCHING FOR HIS **HERALD**, THE HARBINGER OF HIS POWER, WHO SHOULD HAVE MET HIM NEAR THE CO-ORDINATES HE NOW OCCUPIES

AROUND HIM HARD VACUUM PULLS, TEMPERATURES CLOSE TO **ABSOLUTE ZERO** SET THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE ALMOST TO CRACKLING

GALACTUS FEELS NEITHER HE CONCENTRATES ON HIS MISSING SERVANT, AND THE STRANGE FEELINGS THAT STIR WITHIN H.S BREAST

ONCE, IN A TIME BEYOND KNOWING, **GALACTUS** WORE ANOTHER FORM AND WALKED THE SCENTED SOIL OF A LONG LOST WORLD, MORTAL AS ANY MAN OF ANCIENT **EARTH.**

IN THE UNCOUNTABLE EONS SINCE HIS RE-BIRTH HE HAS COME TO BELIEVE HIMSELF AT LAST BEYOND THE REACH OF HUMAN PASSIONS.

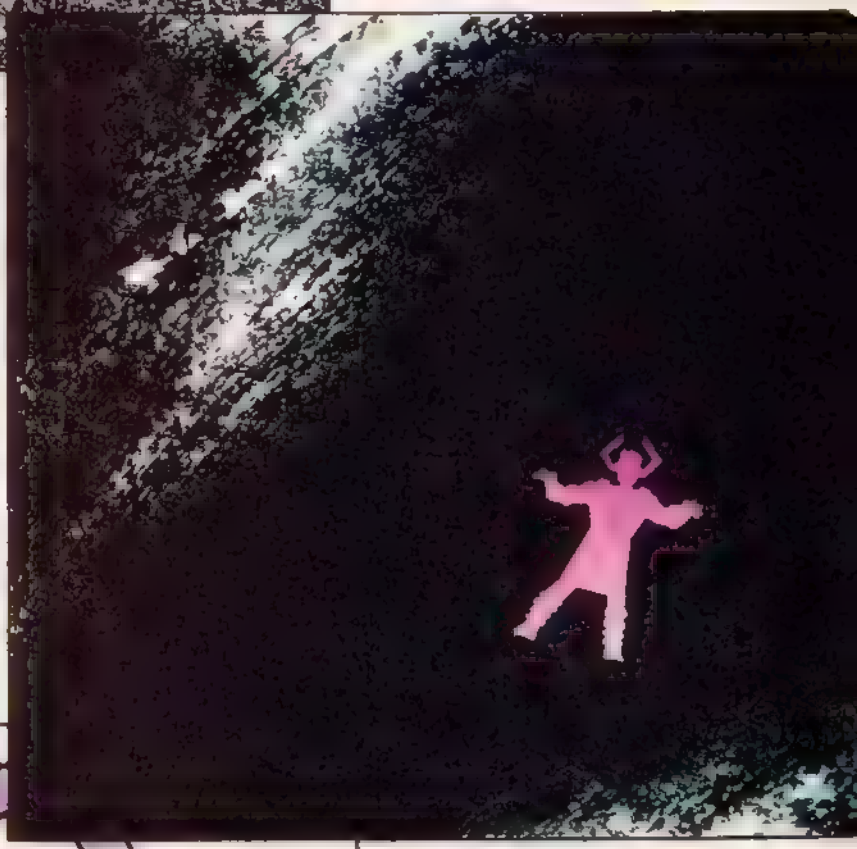
PERHAPS HE WAS **WRONG.**

M-MASTER ...!

A TINY THING, BUT IT FLARES ACROSS THE MIND OF **GALACTUS** LIKE ANGELS TRUMPETTING.

HIS HERALD HAS HEARD HIM, AND RESPONDS.

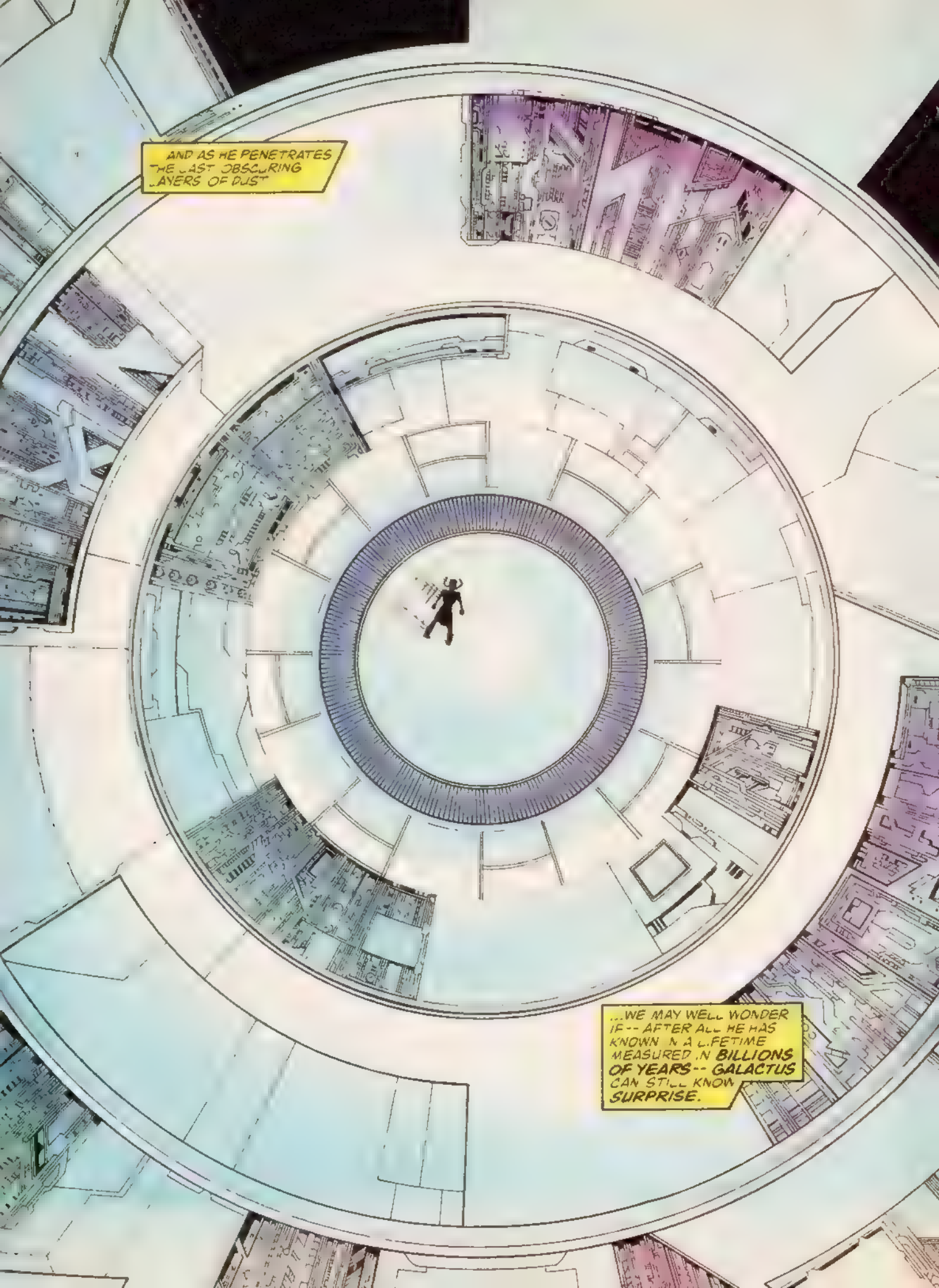
BUT THE ENERGY BEHIND THE SIGNAL IS SO WEAK, BETOKENING A LIFE-FORM WHOSE GRIP UPON THIS EXISTENCE HAS GROWN SO FRAIL, THAT SOMETHING LIKE A **CHILL** PIERCES **GALACTUS**, AND SOMETHING MUCH LIKE **ANGER** BEGINS TO BOIL WITHIN HIM.

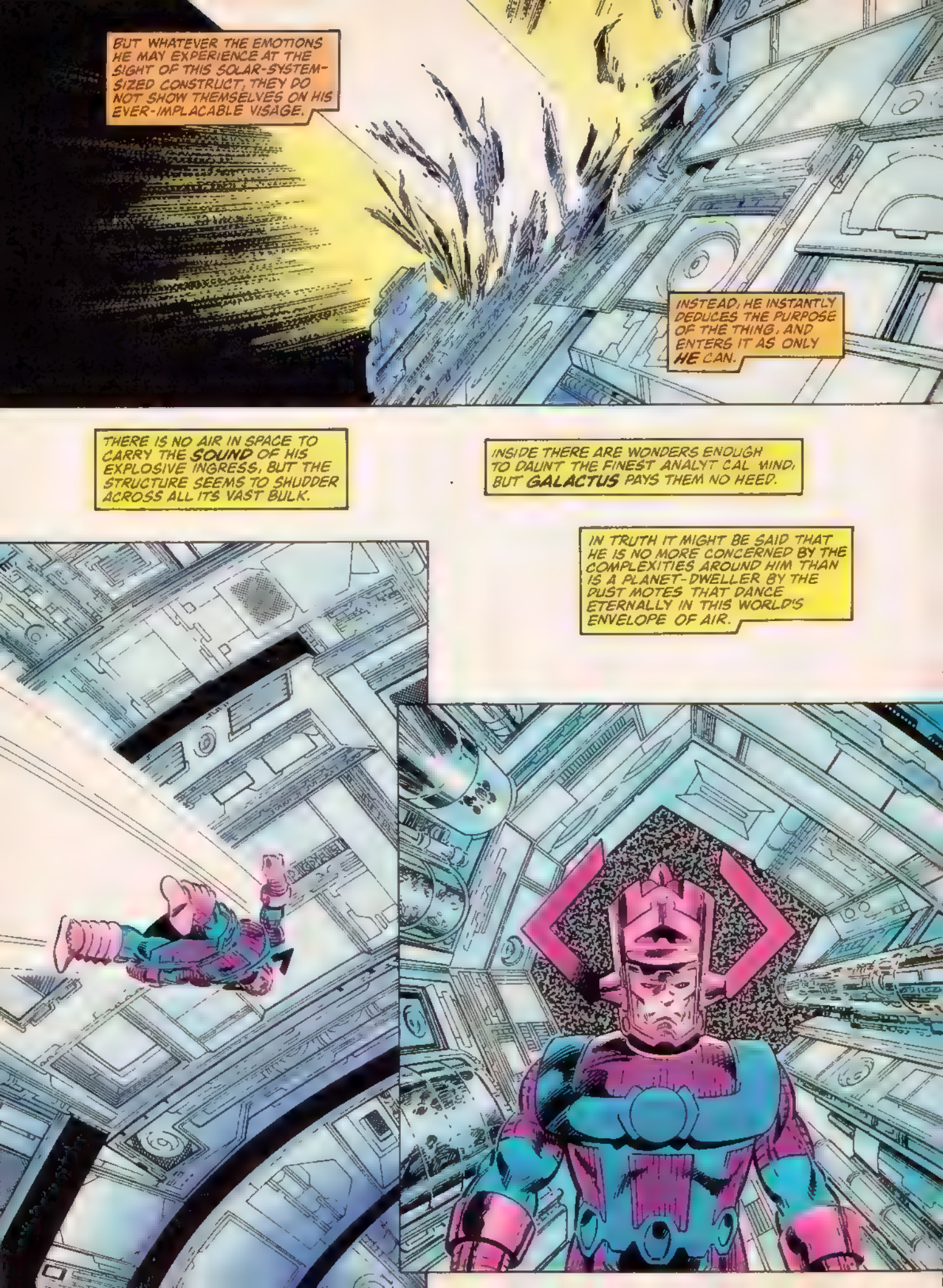


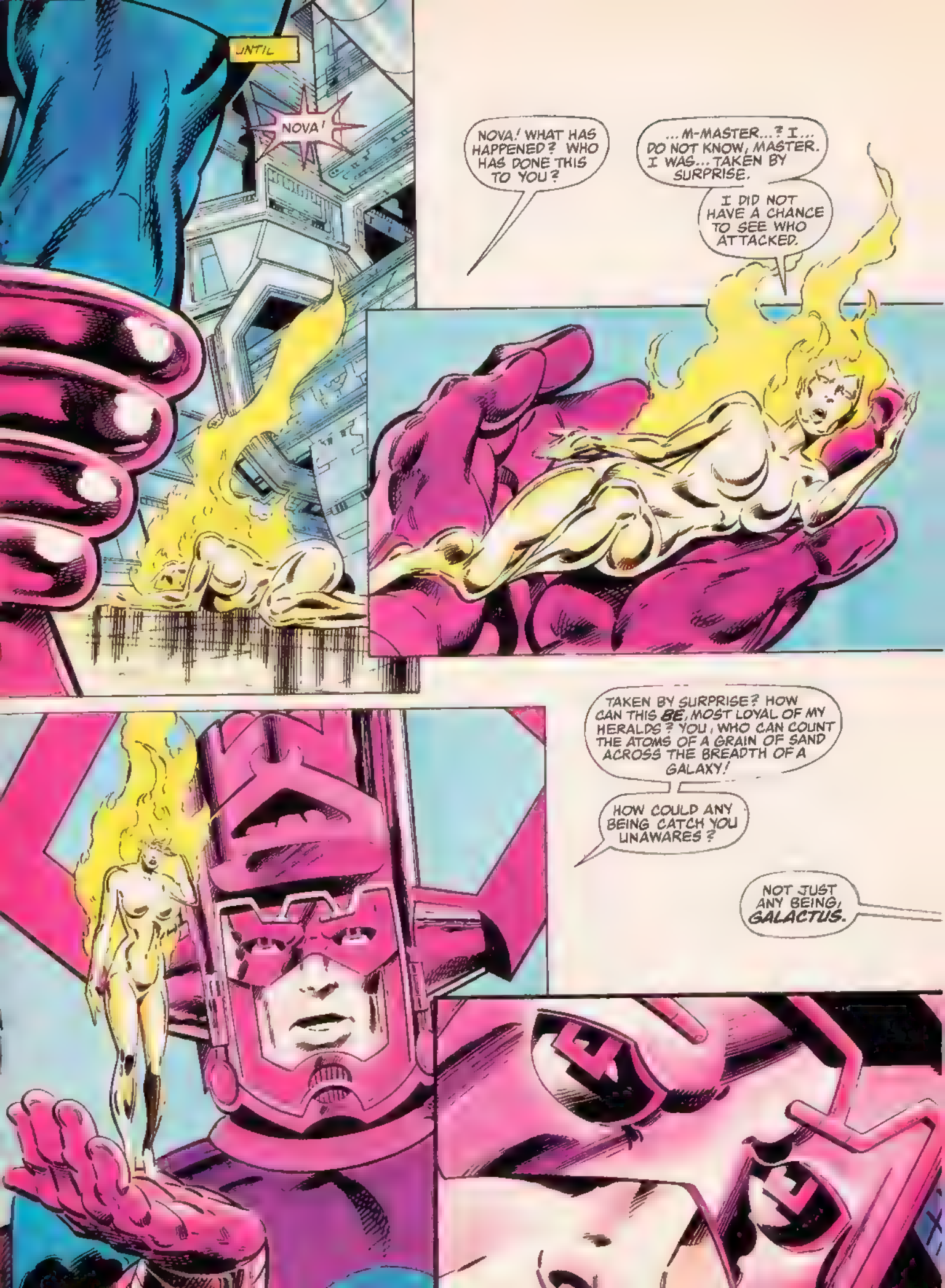
FASTER THAN LIGHT, FASTER THAN THOUGHT ITSELF, THE FORCE OF HIS WILL PROPELS HIM THROUGH THE BLACK CLOUDS OF SPACE DUST SURROUNDING THE GALACTIC CORE.

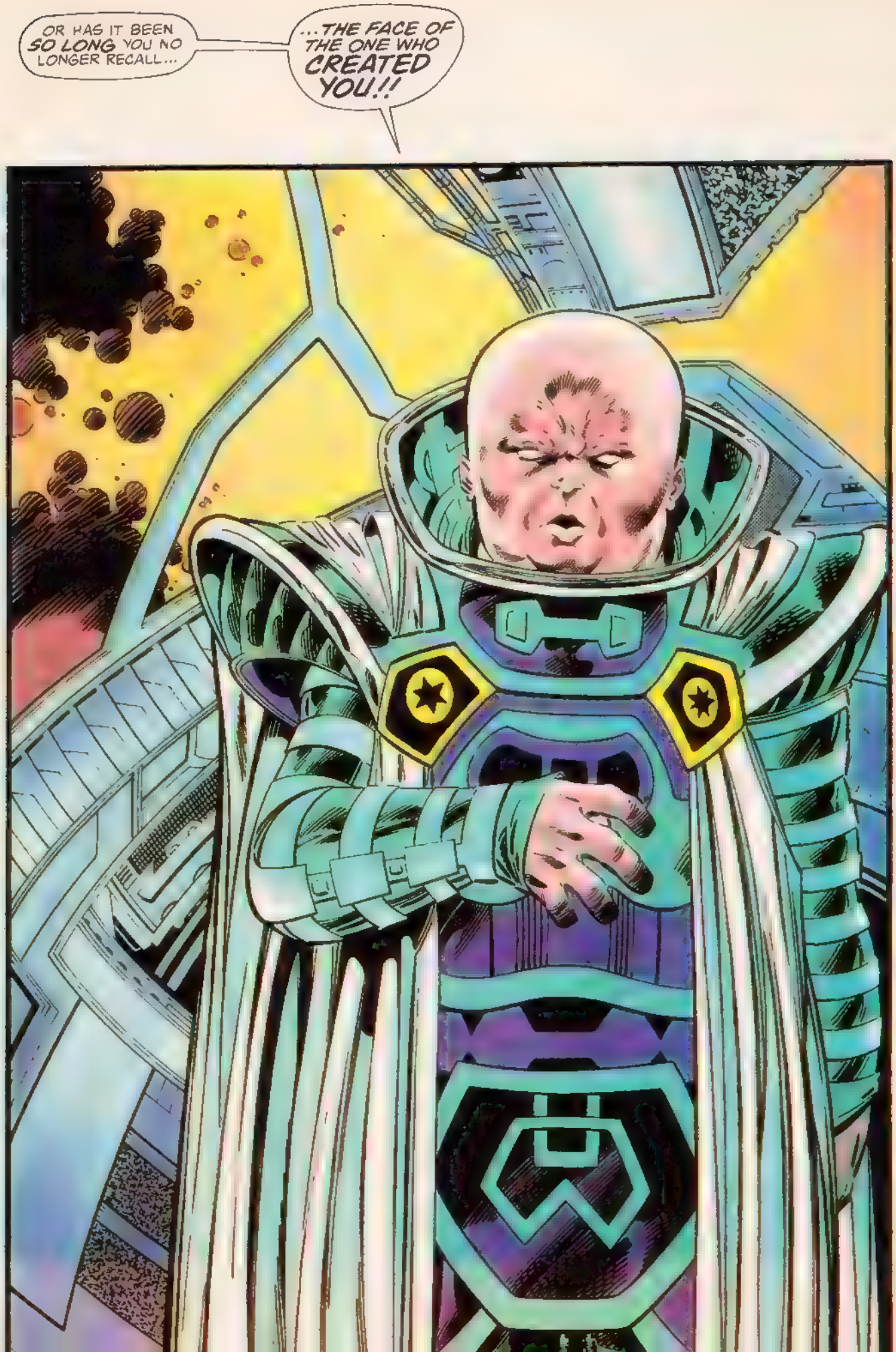
FRAGILE A THING AS IT WAS, THE SIGNAL OF HIS HERALD HAS BLAZED A HOMING BEACON ACROSS THE DARKNESS, AND **GALACTUS** FOLLOWS IT AS SURELY AS AN ARROW FROM A BOW.

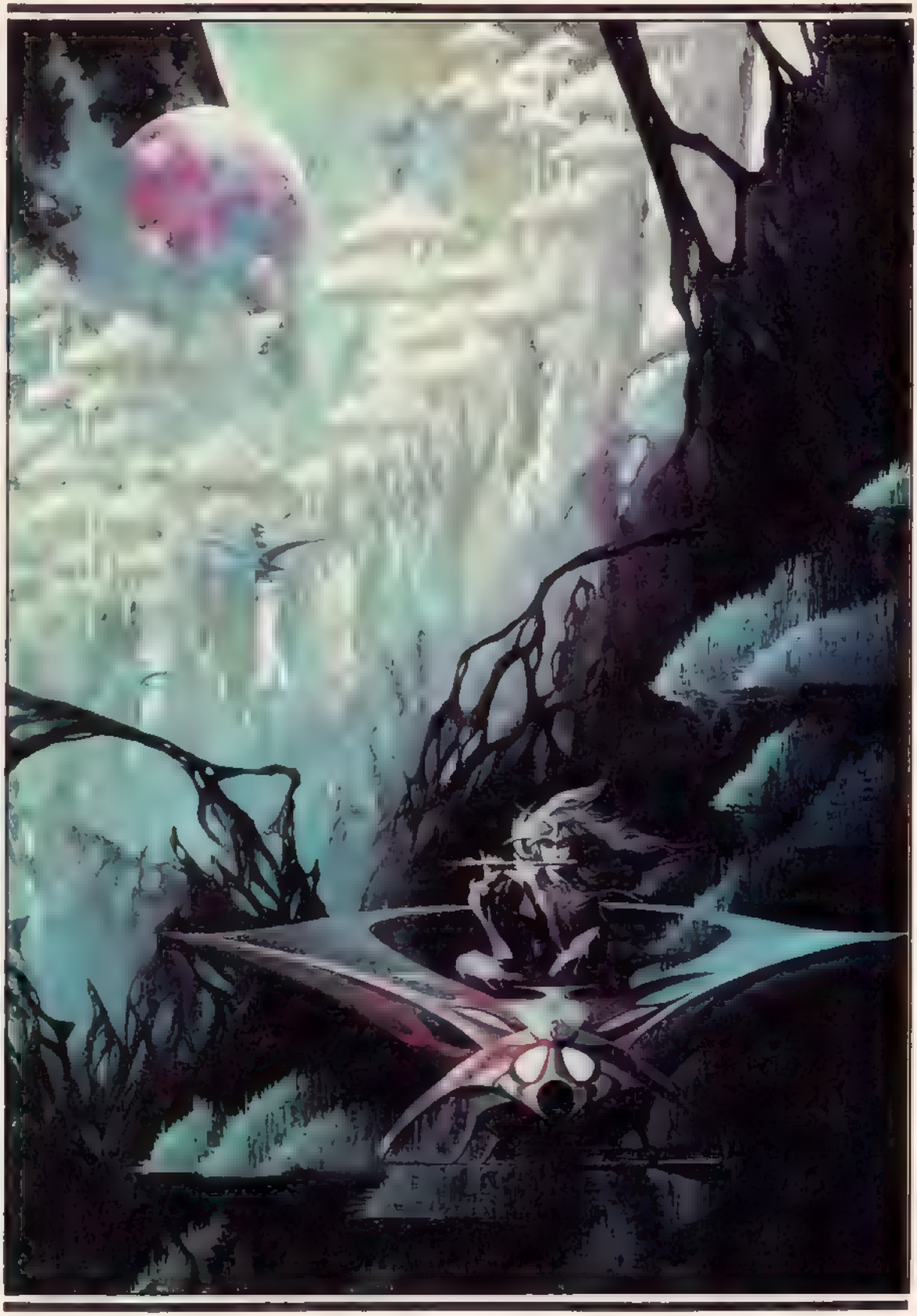
FOLLOWS IT...


AND AS HE PENETRATES THE LAST OBSCURING LAYERS OF DUST
...WE MAY WELL WONDER IF -- AFTER ALL HE HAS KNOWN IN A LIFETIME MEASURED IN BILLIONS OF YEARS -- GALACTUS CAN STILL KNOW SURPRISE.


BUT WHATEVER THE EMOTIONS HE MAY EXPERIENCE AT THE SIGHT OF THIS SOLAR-SYSTEM-SIZED CONSTRUCT, THEY DO NOT SHOW THEMSELVES ON HIS EVER-IMPLACABLE VISAGE.
INSTEAD, HE INSTANTLY DEDUCES THE PURPOSE OF THE THING, AND ENTERS IT AS ONLY HE CAN.
THERE IS NO AIR IN SPACE TO CARRY THE SOUND OF HIS EXPLOSIVE INGRESS, BUT THE STRUCTURE SEEMS TO SHUDDER ACROSS ALL ITS VAST BULK.
INSIDE THERE ARE WONDERS ENOUGH TO DAUNT THE FINEST ANALYTICAL MIND, BUT GALACTUS PAYS THEM NO HEED.
IN TRUTH IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE IS NO MORE CONCERNED BY THE COMPLEXITIES AROUND HIM THAN IS A PLANET-DWELLER BY THE DUST MOTES THAT DANCE ETERNALLY IN THIS WORLD'S ENVELOPE OF AIR.


UNTIL
NOVA!
NOVA! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHO HAS DONE THIS TO YOU?
...M-MASTER...? I... DO NOT KNOW, MASTER. I WAS... TAKEN BY SURPRISE.
I DID NOT HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE WHO ATTACKED.
TAKEN BY SURPRISE? HOW CAN THIS BE, MOST LOYAL OF MY HERALDS? YOU, WHO CAN COUNT THE ATOMS OF A GRAIN OF SAND ACROSS THE BREADTH OF A GALAXY!
HOW COULD ANY BEING CATCH YOU UNAWARES?
NOT JUST ANY BEING, GALACTUS.


OR HAS IT BEEN SO LONG YOU NO LONGER RECALL...
...THE FACE OF THE ONE WHO CREATED YOU!!



HORIZON LIGHTS

Artwork © 1985 T. Sagara and Hiro Media Associates
Story © 1985 Jo Duffy

To see the source of the horizon lights was to look upon beauty itself...or so it was said. It was a Mura legend, and like so much else that came from the Mura, it was ancient, and tied to their own complicated system of tradition, superstition, and very real magic. To the Mura, the lights were linked with gods and goddesses, with the vast and evil forces they blamed for the slow stagnation and death of their own race, and with the life of the entire planet and everyone on it, human and Mura alike.

No human had ever seen the source of the lights and come back to the basin to tell of it. And the lights themselves only shined in the Mura lands, far beyond the edges of the basins that housed the vast human cities, and the lights only shined after dark. It was danger for any human (or even party of humans) to venture beyond the horizons at any time—even on business with the Mura, and even when protected by one of the men or women who patrolled the winds, riding upon one of the wonderful gliding ships that operated by magic and had been acquired in trade with the Mura.

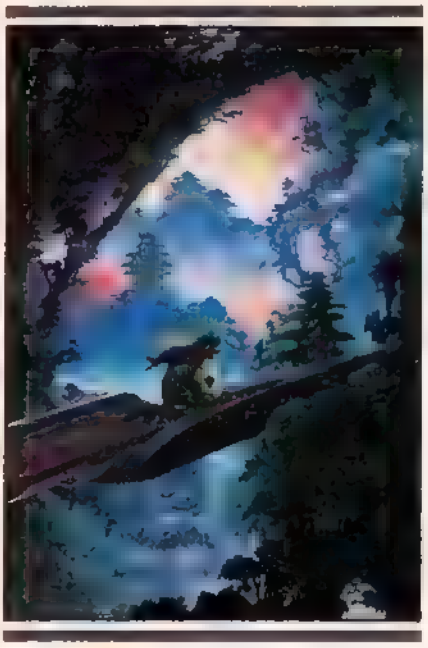
Those nights when the sky darkened, and the air wailed and sang, and then the lights flared with the greatest brilliance, were most perilous of all. For then the Mura conducted secret business all their own, and woe betide any human who came their way, even in error, even the Wind Patrols whom the Mura generally called friends.

When there were only a few days left until the Night of the Source, three men made their way beyond the horizon, away from the bright man-made lights of the city in the Great West Basin, and into the Mura lands. They came on business with the Mura, came cloaked and in secret and on foot, although one of them, Sai—a visitor only lately arrived from the East Basin, beyond which the Mura were less in abundance—was a talented glider pilot in the junior class. With him were two older men, Daral—a member of the merchant class which thrived in the bazaar of the West Basin—and his friend and kinsman, Twerkim. They came because Daral's daughter, Leda, had recently disappeared, and it was feared that the Mura had taken her. If that was so, then Daral and Twerkim were pledged to rescue her, and Sai had pledged to help them. It was not unusual for humans to so disappear. Many of them were seen again...after a time. For the Mura were themselves close to human and were dying off...and so, ofttimes, long after a person had been given up and mourned as lost, a man or woman would reappear, wed to a Mura, and father or mother to half-breed, healthy children who were being raised as part of the older race. But these husbands and wives were like sleepwalkers when they appeared again, without feeling or response to the humans around them and showing no interest in coming to live

in the Basins again. It was as though some kind of a light had been extinguished behind their eyes, and so it was whispered that although they still lived, they had lost their souls. Perhaps those were the fortunate ones, for certain others were never seen again anywhere, in the basins or the Mura lands, and no one living wanted to guess at their fate.

Sometimes, stolen humans were recovered, through trickery, or an honest bargain with the Mura (struck on Mura terms), or in a raid—usually conducted by one or more of the senior Wind Patrols, the ones who went masked, and were generally on good terms with the Mura. But whatever was to be accomplished had to be done in the first few days, or the damage was done, and there was nothing for a survivor but to grieve and remind one's remaining children always to be careful in the lands outside the Basin or in dealing with the Mura even at home, lest they be the next ones who turn up with no souls looking out of their eyes.

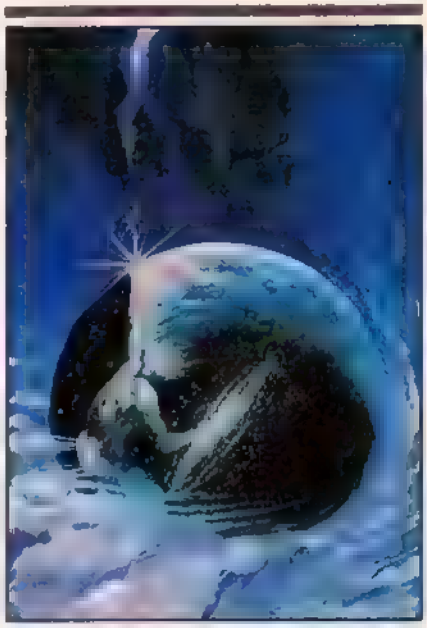
The three men waited on one of the darkest nights of the year, with



the wind howling and tearing at them, as it always did shortly before the Source would become visible to those daring enough to look and the Horizon Lights would shine with the utmost brilliance, defying whatever darkness threatened to swallow the Mura and the world itself.

After they had waited for a long time, silent in the cold, they saw others approaching from the darkness, a party of Mura, perhaps a half dozen in all, cloaked and hooded as they themselves were. As the Mura came nearer, there was a sudden scuffle, and a cry, and then Sai fell, struck from behind. Then the leader of the Mura advanced and drew back Sai's cloak and checked that he had taken no hurt. Then, he touched the unconscious man again, partly in appraisal and partly in caress, and Daral and Twerkim held their breaths, for they had noticed in the bazaar (although Sai had not) how the Mura watched Sai always, silently, intrigued by how he differed from the Basin's natives, being taller, fairer of skin, and darker of hair and eye than they. Knowing of the Mura's interest, Daral had conceived this betrayal and reached a private bargain with them. Now, the leader of the Mura nodded and rose, and motioned others to come forward out of the darkness, and they came, bringing another hooded figure with them. When he saw that it was Leda—dazed and confused, but still with the light behind her eyes, still *herself*—Daral knew that his plan had succeeded. He and Twerkin thanked the Mura—in the careful language of Mura bargains—averting their eyes as the Mura brought forth a litter, bound Sai to it, and bore him away. They themselves began hurrying Leda down the hillside, further into the darkness beyond the Basin. They had decided to go to stay with relatives in the Central Basin, until the questions, if any were asked, had time to be forgotten. Daral had his daughter back; that was all that counted. Sai was a stranger who had not lived among them long enough to have many friends—although Riina, the finest of the young glider pilots, had plainly grown close to him—and his disappearance would not cause too much of a stir, but Daral knew it would be best if this act of treachery were never known, or even suspected.

Rumors, however, have a way of getting around, and all tales, great and small, eventually reached the ears of Jalek and Truro—the masked gliders in charge of training all Wind Patrols. Jalek and Truro discussed what they had heard and thought on it, and then Jalek repeated some of what they suspected (or knew) to Riina—that the Mura had watched Sai in the bazaar since he came from the Eastern Basin, that Sai had been seen leaving the Basin with Daral and Twerkim, and that Daral and Twerkim had not returned to the Basin, but had been seen heading inland, evading humans and Mura alike, and that they had Leda with them.



Riina sat upon her glider and played a melody of Sai's composing upon pipes that Sai had fashioned himself and given to her, and she thought long and hard about things that were unknown to Daral and Twerkim, and to Jalek and Truro, as well. She thought about the many years of her youth and training she had passed in the Eastern Basin, about how long she had known Sai, and how very dear he was to her. She thought about his sense of beauty, the greatest she had ever encountered or heard of.

And still she played his song upon the pipes...and she thought about her glider and the years she had spent in learning its use, and of what the Mura claimed: that no height was too high nor speed too fast for a glider, if the need were great enough and the skill of the pilot sufficient. And she thought about her own dealings with the Mura, and of the time she had spent among them with impunity as a Wind Patroller, and of the understanding she had gained of many of their ways.

And Riina thought about the approach of the time of the Source of the Lights, that that time might even be that very night. And she thought about the legends, that to look upon the Source was to see beauty itself. And she thought about looking upon beauty itself...through eyes with no soul behind them...

And then she put away her pipes, and took her glider out of the Basin and into the wilds, to the edges of the Mura lands, and waited for the cover of darkness.

Riina knew, as all Wind Patrols did, that the Mura had a sacred place where they conducted their most private business and performed secret rites, close to the Source of the Lights. Under the cover of the darkest, coldest night she could ever recall, she made her way into their lands undetected, slipping like a wraith on her glider above their dwellings in the trees.

As time passed, and she grew nearer to her goal, the darkness about her seemed to deepen and thicken, and she grew afraid, for it seemed to her that the Mura legends were true, and that there was a great and hostile power lurking in the heavens beyond their world, bent against them all. But Riina mastered her fear, and proceeded into the Mura lands, and encountered no Mura as she went.

She reached the place that she sought, deep in the forest, and guided her glider into it, still unseen. Within, as she had hoped, she found Sal, unguarded, but deeply asleep, bound in the troubled dreams of a Mura charm that could be lifted once they were safely back within the lights and buildings of the Great Basin. She placed him in the protective curve of the front of her glider's shell and began the long journey back.

Now Riina was even more cautious and more nervous than before. Where the skies and shadows had been empty, she could see Mura, some on the ground and some on gliders, just beginning to emerge from whatever business had drawn them away. To escape detection she steered back a little in the direction from which she had come.

And so she was facing the great empty crater when it began to glow. She was not aware of stopping her glider, but suddenly it was still, hovering, and she watched as the Source of the Horizon Lights appeared.

The night flared with joy and with brilliance beyond describing, and in the silence was music more beautiful than any song. From the heart of the lights rose a Being of glory and goodness and strength, and whatever Darkness had loomed above the Mura lands was thwarted and drew back as though it had never been. Riina saw, and looked upon beauty itself.

Long after, when the figure was gone, and she was done with watching and wondering, she realized that the night had all but slipped away, and the Mura who had come out to watch were aware of her, and angry, and on gliders of their own they came in pursuit of her. She maneuvered past them and among them, fearing that no speed could be swift enough, for the Mura

had made the gliders and were masters of their use.

Riina fled, not only for Sai's sake, but her own, too. If the Mura caught them, they would take Sai back, and he would be beyond help, and now they were after her as well, to keep for their own purposes, or to kill for her sacrilege. As she neared the border of their lands, she glanced back and saw that some of her pursuers were armed with the edged throwing weapons that could be guided by magic and fly faster than the gliders themselves.

She thought about Sai, and about his right to freedom, and of the great Sight she had seen that night, and suddenly it seemed that nothing was greater than her need for speed. And her control of the glider and its magic was greater than ever before, and her speed was far in excess of that of those following her, and she left them well behind, and burst from the Mura lands into the wilds on the slopes to the south of the Great Western Basin, with the Mura still pursuing.

There was a party of humans going down that slope on foot, and as Riina drew close, she saw that among them were Daral and Twerkim and Leda. Seeing her and fearing, Daral and Twerkim broke away from the others and tried to flee.

Riina looked into her own heart, uncertain now that Sai was safe of whether she desired vegeance, or was even entitled to it, but in her heart she found justice of a sort, and a balance. So she steered her glider directly toward the two men, and then, when she was almost atop them, swerved away, so that they were left directly in the path of the pursuing Mura.

Leda, fatherless now, travelled the rest of the way to the Central Basin with the others of her party, and Riina and Sai were free to go and fear no vengeance. The Mura had started with one prisoner, and had pursued a second, and now they had two prisoners and two human lives, and so a bargain of sorts had been struck. Riina turned her glider back toward the Great Western Basin as the dawn was breaking, and she saw the light of the sun and was glad, and didn't know until later that now an even greater light was being cast from her own eyes, and always would be, since she had looked upon the Source of the Horizon Lights.

Sai was reticent, in the way of most Easterners, and confided in no one but Riina. When pressed, he spoke of his time among the Mura with a shudder, calling it a nightmare without end.

Riina stayed with him for a few weeks, no longer. She found that she could not live easily with the memory of what she had done or seen, nor could she live with how other people shrank from her strangeness and the new light from her eyes.

And so she applied for duty among the senior Wind Patrollers, and was accepted, and was able thereafter to hide her glowing eyes behind the mask of her rank. But she kept Sai's flute with her when she went, and she played it often, alone.

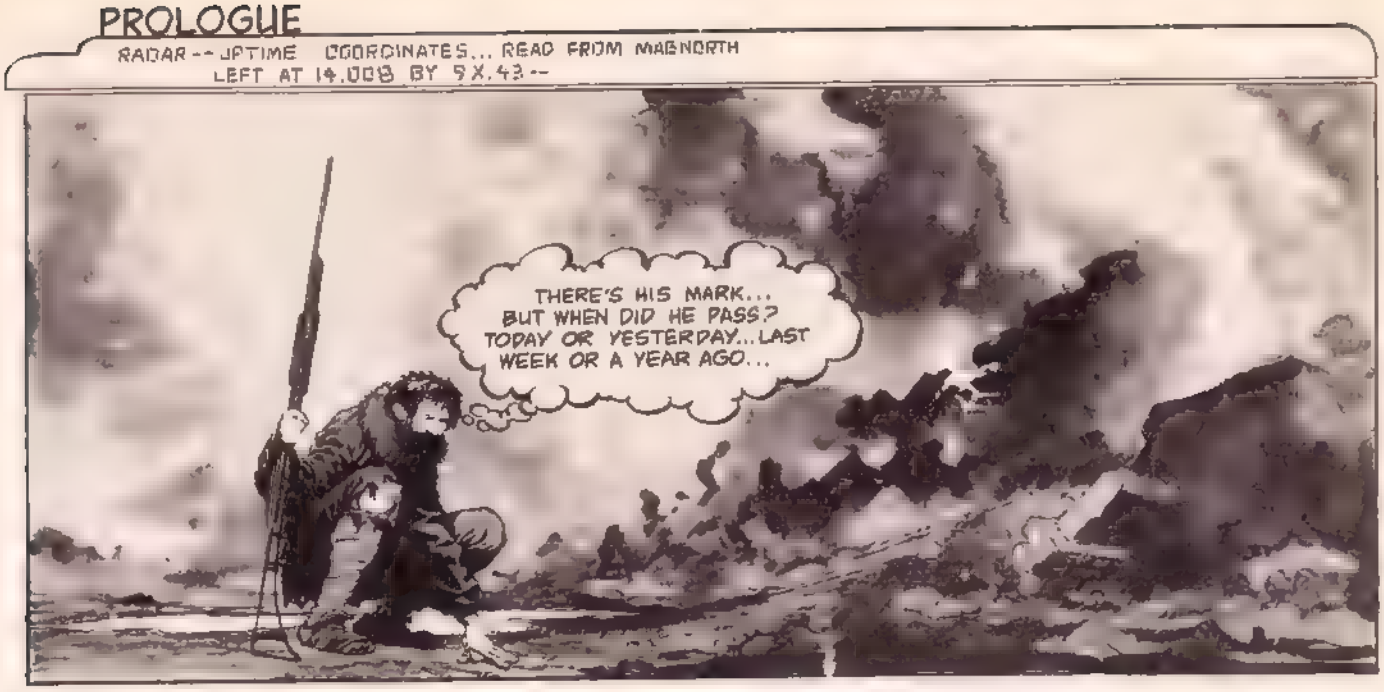
Talking it over among themselves, the leaders, Jalek and Truro agreed that all had worked out for the good. Sai would endure life without Riina for a while, and eventually, when he could bear it no longer, he would seek and gain admittance to their ranks, and become a fine masked glider. And one day, Leda would begin to remember and question what had become of her family, and to hunger for revenge, and so another youngster would be motivated to learn the ways of the gliders, and the ranks of the Wind Patrol would swell. Jalek and Truro both agreed that the gains were greater than the losses, so long as each glider made his choice for himself. They had both long since grown used to concealing with their masks the lights from their own eyes, which had long ago looked upon the Source.

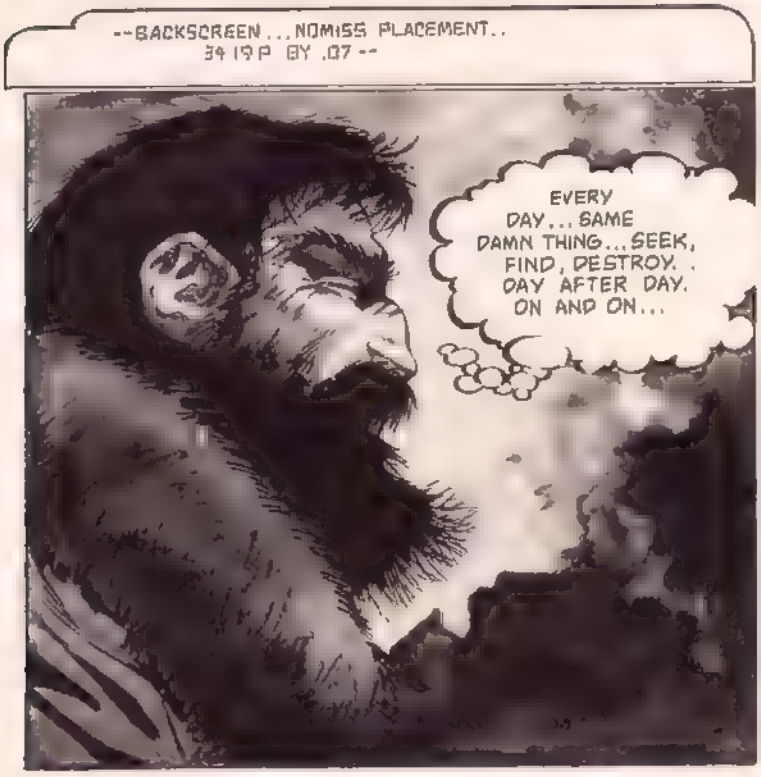
INTRODUCTION

The Berni Wrightson story which begins on the opposite page and, *Amber I*, the Jim Starlin piece on page [illegible] appear through the courtesy of Marvel. Artist/writer Allen Milgrom: Back in 1978, when [illegible] by such independently published [illegible] as Fantagraphics' *Apple Comix*, decided to do one himself. His [illegible] *Absolutely Incredible Comics*. His contributors, Jim Starlin and Wrightson, [illegible] P. Craig Russell and Walter Simonson, so the title [illegible] have been total hyperbole. But as the jobs came in, Allen found a drawback: "waiting for a break in my schedule to get it organized." [illegible] years later, working on *West Coast Avengers*, *Secret Wars II*, and Marvel Fanfare, Al was still waiting. Craig had taken his story back earlier for one of his own *Night Music* books. Walter, with no publishing deadline looming, hadn't completed his piece. But this page—Berni's intended cover—and the two black-and-white stories, collectors' items all, were waiting with Al. And, hearing that the final issue of *Epic* was coming up, Allen decided it was a good opportunity to get them into print at last. We're grateful you stayed busy, Al. Thanks.

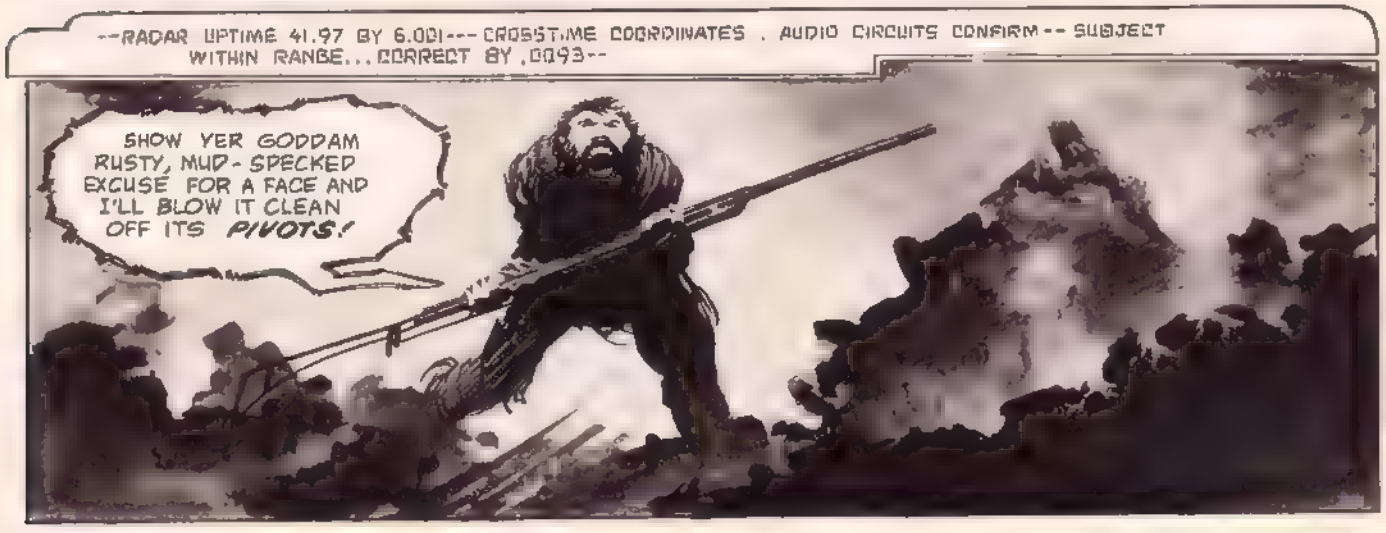
© 1977 • Berni Wrightson

PROLOGUE


RADAR -- UPTIME COORDINATES... READ FROM MAGNORTH
LEFT AT 14.008 BY 9X.43 --
THERE'S HIS MARK... BUT WHEN DID HE PASS? TODAY OR YESTERDAY... LAST WEEK OR A YEAR AGO...


--BACKSCREEN... NOMISS PLACEMENT.. 34 19 P BY .07 --
EVERY DAY... SAME DAMN THING... SEEK, FIND, DESTROY. . DAY AFTER DAY. ON AND ON...

AUDIO RADAR... AT 38.7 BY 2.013 --
C'MON OUT, YA DAMN BUG-FACED HUNKA TIN!
LET'S GET IT TA HELL OVER WITH FOR TODAY, AWRIGHT?


--RADAR UPTIME 41.97 BY 6.001--- CROSSTIME COORDINATES . AUDIO CIRCUITS CONFIRM -- SUBJECT WITHIN RANGE... CORRECT BY .0093--
SHOW YER GODDAM RUSTY, MUD-SPECKED EXCUSE FOR A FACE AND I'LL BLOW IT CLEAN OFF ITS PIVOTS!

THEY JUST FADE AWAY

SUBJECT IN SIGHTS --- CROSSHAIRS CONVERGING. .002 BY .01... SUBJECT IN SIGHTS... FIRE --
NUK NUK NUK NUK
GODDAM STUPID TANK...
COORDINATES ALTERNATE---
0036 BY .107 --- RADAR UPTIME, . VISUAL SCAN... COMPENSATE... COMPENSATE FIRE--
NUK NUK NUK NUK NUK NUK
HA HA! GET OILED, JERKO...YER SLOWIN' DOWN!
VISUAL SCAN--INFRARED.. COMPENSATE...FIRE
P-CHIK
YA JERK.. YA STUPID... YA.. YA MACHINE! PROGRAMMED TA KILL ANYTHING THAT MOVES...
COORDINATES ALTERNATE --VISUAL SCAN. INFRARED READINGS 019 BY .0072 COMPENSATE...COM--
YA STUPID BASTARD! I'M NOT THE ENEMY! WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE... THE SAME SIDE!
ZZZ
KKKKKK
PEOOW

MAINTENANCE -- MAINTENANCE... EVALUATE... MAIN HYDRO VALVE ..0087 DEGREE RUPTURE... EVALUATE... MAINTENANCE... REPAIR --

...THE SAME SIDE ...*OH, CHRIST!* THIS ISN'T WAR .

RHEOSTAT MAINLINE DEFECTIVE... COOLANT LEAK IN MAIN FIRING CIRCUIT HOUSING -- REPLACEMENT HOSE NECESSARY --

IT'S A *GAME,* DONCHA SEE? A GODDAMN MANEUVER..

THERE'S *NO* ENEMY! DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND?*

REPLACE TENSION BANDS -- AUXILIARY OILFEED... SPOTWELD LEFT SUPPORT POST UPRIGHT --

THE ENEMY'S *GONE!* WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT. ME ...49 TH REGIMENT... GUNNER 1 ST CLASS ...INFANTRY..

MINOR DAMAGE TO ANTERIOR FUEL DRAIN -- IMMEDIATE REPAIR UNNECESSARY --

...AND YOU . 49 TH REGIMENT, . GUNNER 1 ST CLASS.. TANK BATTALION. MAN AND MACHINE TO FIGHT THE LAST WAR...

LEVELS OF EQUILIBRIUM IN GREATER DORSAL GYRO UNEVEN ---17.099 x 31-4.106... READOUT APPROXIMATE --

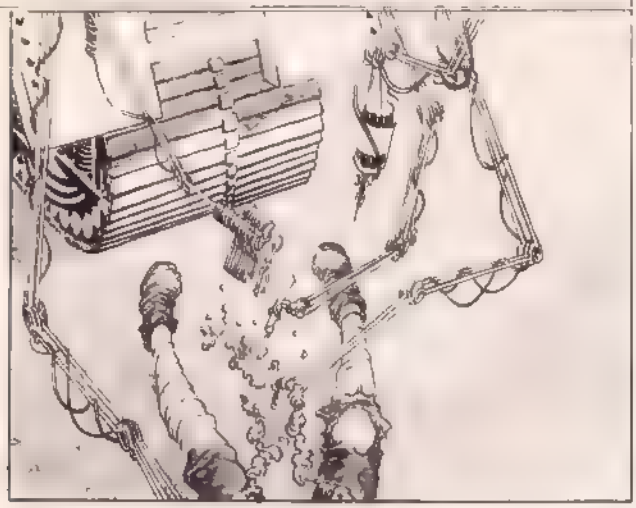
BUT THE LAST WAR'S BEEN *FOUGHT!* WE *WON!*

THERE'S NOBODY LEFT BUT US! WE TWO...

THE GODDAMN UNITED STATES ARMY!

--ALL SYSTEMS FUNCTIONAL... REPAIRS COMPLETE... RECALL MAINTENANCE --
ATTACK IN PROGRESS... RETALIATE... ATTACK IN--
AN' HERE WE ARE.. FIGHTING EACH OTHER! FIGHTING, YA DUMB BASTARD, Y'UNDERSTAND?
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO FIGHT FOR ANYMORE... THE WAR'S OVER!
PROGRESS. RETALIATE RETALIATE. RETAL
NIK
NIK
NIK NIK
NIK
NIK
NIK
THE WAR'S OV--

MAINTENANCE.. EVALUATE--EXTENSIVE ABDOMINAL DAMAGE.. BLOOD LOSS. .INTESTINAL REPLACEMENT NECESSARY-- TRANSFUSE... WHOLE BLOOD...SYNTHETIC SPINAL FLUID--



MINOR DAMAGE TO LOWER VERTEBRAE.. REPLACE 7TH AND 8TH RIBS--CALCIUM SUPPLEMENT BANKS.. MARROW COMPOUND SUBSTITUTING--

REBUILD PANCREAS FROM AUXILIARY TISSUE RESERVE ..VALIUM VALIUM--CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNING-- MASSIVE SHOCK IMMINENT...VALIUM... VALIUM--

SUTURE COLON IN UPPER QUADRANT--

MORE BLOOD NECESSARY--

...WHOLE BLOOD--

VALIUM...VALIUM--

RADAR UPTIME -- COORDINATES READOUT 14.0092 x 7.004-5 ...SUBJECT WITHIN RANGE... SUBJECT WITHIN RANGE--

THERE'S HIS MARK... BUT WHEN DID HE PASS? TODAY...YESTERDAY...

BOOKVIEW

by Jo Duffy

I'm the managing editor of **Epic Illustrated.** Hence, I am privy to all sorts of inside information about this publication's inner workings and behind-the-scenes ups and downs. I knew months before any of you did—months before any of the magazine's other columnists did—that after a total of six years, five of them with me on the staff, **Epic Illustrated** was drawing to a close. I should have been prepared for this. And yet, now that I sit down to write it, I find myself virtually unable to write the final **Bookview** column.

I've enjoyed it too much to let it go easily. Which may come as a surprise to the rest of the staff of this magazine, because let me now share a little piece of inside information—as long as **Bookview** has existed, it has *always* been the final page of **Epic Illustrated** to be written, typeset, and sent to the engraver. Anyone who worked with us could always bet on it. Because while there was anything else hanging over my head that needed my attention, I always had to let my own column go.

However, I've enjoyed writing **Bookview** more than I've enjoyed almost anything else I've ever done. I love reading, and I love writing. I take both of them very seriously, and it has been a real treat for me, six times a year, to *have* to think very hard about what I had read or was going to read. It was also a treat, as well as a discipline, to have to formalize my thoughts and then share them with anyone willing to look at them.

I hope it's made me a better writer. I know it's made me a better reader. And the responsibility of constantly finding new things to share with all of you has introduced *me* to a lot of wonderful authors and series I might otherwise never have gotten around to.

I've taken some serious liberties along the way, stretching categories and criteria in order to plug some not completely appropriate things I've especially enjoyed. Let's face it: there are a lot of very fine books in the fantasy and science-fiction category. There are also a lot of wonderful books that have no place in this magazine at all...except that so many of you seem to care so much about great characterization and exciting stories...that I'm now going to indulge myself once more, and point you in a new direction. Because this may be the last chance I ever have...

James Clavell's books have in common with most good fantasy the creation of a rich, complex and textured world. The fact that his novels are largely *roman a clef* stories, set in real times and places in Asia's history, doesn't change that. His characters live and breathe, some of them so much larger than life that it seems incredible that mere ink and paper can contain them. Clavell's stories are woven of so much subtlety, treachery, and overall exotic texture...about the highest recommendation I can give the man is to say that he *belongs* on the best seller list, and I wish that everyone who shared it with him were as good.

Dick Francis is. He also creates his own world, a very real here-and-now, mostly the world of thoroughbred racing, from which Francis himself retired as a champion steeplechase jockey nearly thirty years ago. Francis's novels are thrillers, beautifully constructed page-turners, with likeable and interesting heroes and heroines and reading them can make you feel satisfied, and happy with the human race.

Among those who've never read her books, **Georgette Heyer** has a readily explained and completely undeserved bad reputation. Until she passed away in the mid 1970s, and for roughly fifty years before that, she was virtually the only modern writer working in the genre of Regency romances. Since she passed away, the market has been glutted with books that are pallid imitations of hers, most of them abysmal. And so **Heyer** shares with **J.R.R. Tolkien** the stigma of being a fine writer who is responsible for much of the worst dreck published today. I can only assure you that **Heyer** is another builder of a wonderful, escapist, coherent world—one that once truly did exist. Her plots are light, daring, and excruciatingly complex, and if one has a taste for style, romance, comedy, and color, her stories are completely enchanting.

Those three are about my only favorite authors I've never been able to shoehorn into **Bookview** somewhere—except maybe for **Winston Graham,** (and since seven of his ten **Poldark** novels were made into a very fine, oft-rebroadcast **Masterpiece Theatre** television series, he probably doesn't need the plug. Ditto **Dorothy L. Sayers** and her exquisitely mannered and intelligent Lord Peter Wimsey mystery series.) I can't guarantee all of you will like all of them, but why not give them a try?

And now, I'd like to say thanks to some of you, sorry to others, and nyah-nyah-nyah to a couple of folks who deserve it.

My sincere thanks to all of you readers who wrote to let me know what you thought of my work in this column, even when you disagreed with me. It has been especially gratifying every time someone has said that I introduced them to something which has since become a favorite of theirs.

I'd also like to thank all of the authors, editors, and publishers who responded to my reviews of their works—sometimes even when I'd panned them. That was always a thrill and is something I'll really miss.

I'd like to apologize to people I *meant* to review or promised to review, those who sent me books when the column was so jammed up with other material I couldn't get to theirs, or those whose reviews I actually wrote and then had to drop, when the column had to be either cut or dropped due to last-minute changes in the magazine's lineup. (One of the downsides of being on the staff is that the managing editor is expected to be mature about it and sacrifice her column when last minute snafus occur.)

And finally, I'd like to toss a brickbat at those publishers who routinely sent me copies of their books for perusal... until the day the review they were angling for appeared, at which time I was dropped. Cold. I hate to see good authors working for no-class outfits like that. What did they think? Were the free copies supposed to be bribing me into giving them coverage? Grow up, guys. In a world where people have manners and ethics, that's not the way things work. Freebies are a courtesy and a convenience. Nothing more.

Good-bye, everyone. Keep reading what's good in the world. You won't have me around anymore, but listen to your friends and find out what *they* like. I always do...Like last week when, on the recommendation of **Colleen Doran,** I finally picked up **Tanith Lee's** four-year-old **The Silver Metal Lover,** a warm, witty and sweet story, with a beautiful cover by Joe Chiodo. It was almost as romantic as a book by **Heyer.**

I wish I had someplace to review it.

FUTUREVIEW

by John Robert Tebbel and Martha Thomases

For the brief life of this column, we've discussed some of the artifacts we'll be sharing the world with in the future. It's hard getting up to speed on the stuff you can get right now, let alone what's on the drawing board. For our last turn at bat, we think we owe it to you to talk about how our entire culture ought to find its way to tomorrow—with an open mind.

A reader of **Epic Illustrated** is implicitly willing to consider more possibilities than the average citizen. Our inclination to imagine the future of space exploration, or time travel, or teleportation also helps keep the NASA budget healthy in the here and now. But, more important for us all is our ability to imagine that those who are distant from us are really not so different.

A stereotype is a convenience. All we need to know about our fellows can be seen at a glance. We smile at the babies and give a quarter to the beggars without a personal interview. There are so many people and brief interactions that this "secondary contact" must always remain beneath any sensitivity beyond common courtesy.

This quick sort by first impressions usually works fine. To offer one's seat on the bus to an older person will most likely be considered a gracious gesture, even if this person won the masters class in last weekend's marathon. In this case, anyhow, it does no harm. Holding the door for the next person is similarly thoughtful. Even if that person is a feminist, he might say, "Thank you."

But when we presume that any woman met in the business world to be a secretary, or any black person a janitor or thief, or any blue collar worker undereducated, we can miss a lot. And if voters assume Russians to be Commie degenerates and the Third World overrun by primitive wogs who worship Coke bottles, then we're really in trouble.

In the arts, stereotypes are a most useful shorthand to help an artist quickly set the scene. A good artist then deftly contradicts our assumptions as we admire her insight into the human soul that guides such telling strokes of pen and brush.

Actors and actresses can win awards when they dare to "play against type." When we see **Sylvester Stallone** or **Meryl Streep** on the screen we quickly make assumptions about their character. Whenever they display a new mannerism we marvel that the character on the screen is not the same character the actor previously played.

We believe stereotypes about ourselves, too. The solitary pioneer is one of the American ego's most seductive characters. He's ready to take on the vast unknown single-handedly. He's self-sufficient to the max. From the first settlers to the cowpoke to the private eye to the space jockey, we admire the person who walks alone. We yearn for this self-reliance so we can tell the boss to "Bag it!" and head West. We fall in love with this person because it's such a challenge to make oneself needed by someone who needs no one.

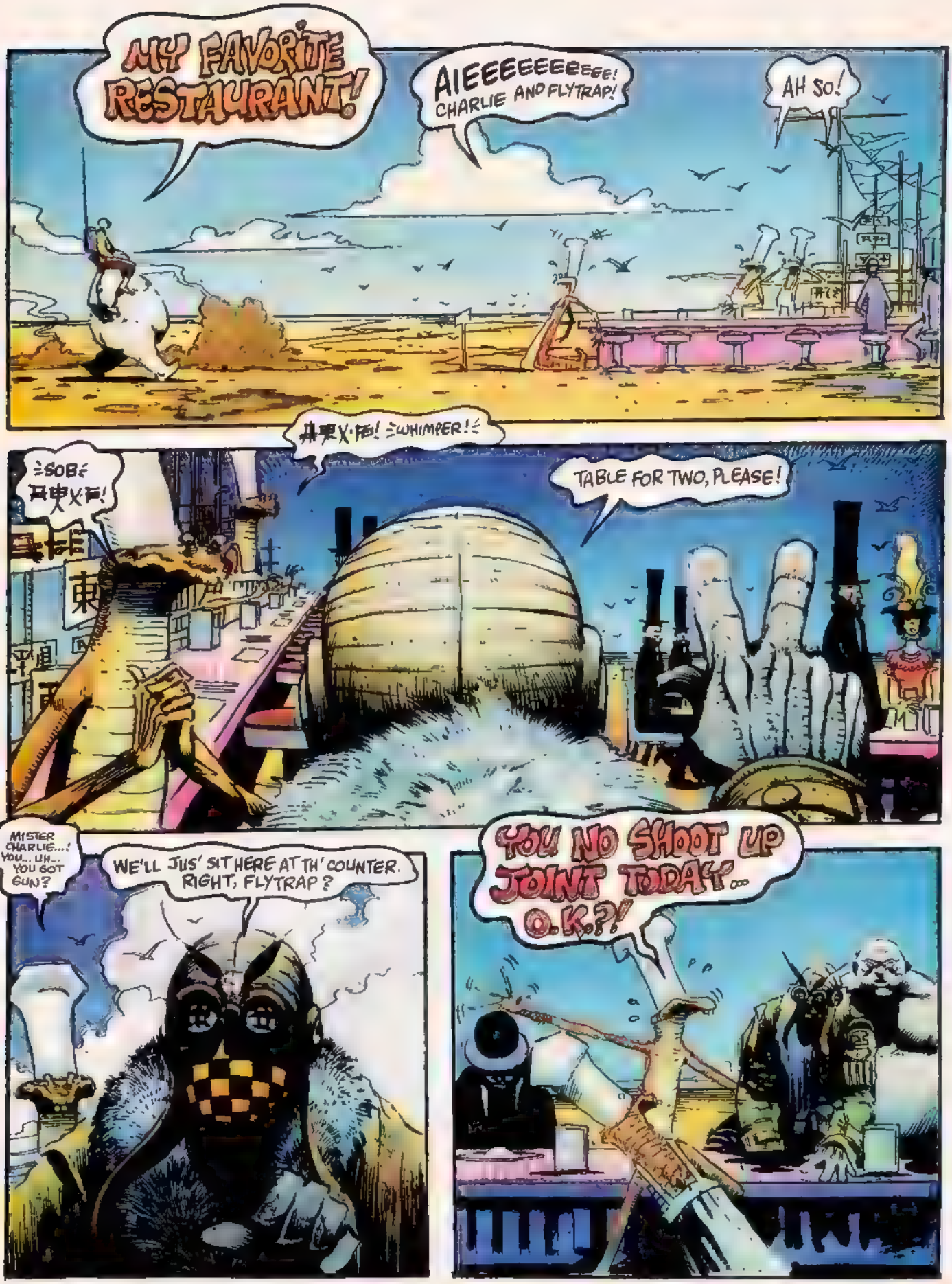
This character is plenty romantic but not too practical as a role model for the future. Self-sufficiency is a fine trait for a crewman of the Space Shuttle but the thing only works when backed by thousands with the ability to work together. The most successful businesses in the world market today are managed by cooperation and consensus. The dashing entrepreneur may be the darling of the day, but the successful entrepreneur is anything but the lone wolf. Instead, he instills in his company and customers an atmosphere of shared accomplishment, where all are interested in and benefit from a well-run organization.

A business can innovate faster than government because making a few bucks is still an easier proposition than securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Yet a politician can still score more charisma points by calling forth the image of the Lone Ranger than the friendly neighbor. In the last race for the White House, a place where you either cooperate to get what you want to or become an expert complainer, the ultimate epithet was "wimp." In this instance, a wimp was someone who saw a more complex metaphor for American foreign policy than cowboys and Indians. In this context it's somehow uncharitable and unpatriotic to point out that it was the Indians who were the real heroes.

So, gentle readers, as you muddle through your lives without our estimable advice, try to keep your tools up to date and your mind sharpened. One of the only true sins is dullness.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHOLLY 'N' FLYTRAP!
LOOK, FLYTRAP! TURKEY BUZZARDS! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...
STORY CONCEPT BY PETER KOCH
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SUYDAM

© 1985 Arthur Suydam


MY FAVORITE RESTAURANT!
AIEEEEEEEEEEE! CHARLIE AND FLYTRAP!
AH SO!
=WHIMPER!=
=SOB=
TABLE FOR TWO, PLEASE!
MISTER CHARLIE...! YOU... UH... YOU GOT GUN?
WE'LL JUS' SIT HERE AT TH' COUNTER. RIGHT, FLYTRAP?
YOU NO SHOOT UP JOINT TODAY... O.K.?!

EVERYTIME YOU COME... TROUBLE! NO TROUBLE TODAY, O.K.?
CHOP SUEY
SEE THESE CUSTOMERS... NICE PEOPLE! NO WANT TROUBLE!
EGG FU YONG
HEH, HEH
I'LL HAVE A NUMBER 7 AND MY FRIEND HERE WOULD LIKE THE ORANGE DUCK!
TIMES GOES BY...
BOY! THEY SURE BELIEVE IN TAKIN' THEIR OWN SWEET TIME ABOUT IT, DON'T THEY, FLYTRAP?
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE

AHA! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
NUMBA 7 . NUMBA 4...! ENJOY, PLEASE!
SLURP!
SMACK— SMACK!
OH BOY! I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A...
GACK!
COCKROACH!
HEY, YOU! YEH, YOU! C'MERE!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
HUH.? WHA YOU GOT?
AH! HA! HA!
!

HA! HA! HA! HA!
ROUND EYE GOT BUG IN FOOD!
!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
LISTEN HERE! WHAT YOU GONNA DO 'BOUT MY DINNER?
FOOD GOOD.. YOU EAT!
I AIN'T EATIN' NO FOOD WITH NO BUG IN IT N' I AIN'T PAYIN FOR NO FOOD WITH NO BUG IN IT!
YOU ORDER FOOD.. YOU PAY!
COME ON FLYTRAP LET'S BLOW!
?!
?!
?!
YANKEE PIG TROUBLE-MAKER...! YOU COME BACK! PAY BILL!
COME BACK OR BE SORRY!
YAWK!
YAWK!

SIC 'EM!
AIEEEEEEE CRAZY DOG! WHAT YOU DO?!
ROWLF!
AIEEEEEEE
CRASH!
UH?
HO! WHAT'S THIS, FLYTRAP? A... FRACAS?!
AIEEEEEEE!
GHAAA!
TIME FOR LUCILLE TO SPEAK HER MIND!

HA!
POOM! POOM!
POOM!
OOM!
ACK!
FUD!
FUD!
YACK!
OOPS! HEH... HEY! MY AIM IS A LITTLE RUSTY!
BOP! BOP!
CRAZY DOG! NOT CUSTOMER! GET CHARLIE N' FLYTRAP!
CHARLIE N' FLYTRAP!
DIE! DIE! DIE!
POOM! POOM! POOM!
OOM! OOM!
POOM!
CLICK! CLICK!
UH-OH...!

...THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE...!
SOB!
COOK DEAD...
DOG DEAD...
CUSTOMER ALL DEAD...!
SOB!
YEH... UH, HEY, LISSEN... I'M REAL SORRY 'BOUT YOUR PLACE HERE...
RES'RANT ALL FUK UP... EVERYTHING KAPUT... YOUR FAULT! YOU TROUBLE-MAKER... I KILL YOU!
NOW, NOW... TAKE IT EASY! ER... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...
..THE TIME HAS COME TO GO!
DON'T WORRY FLYTRAP! IN A WEEK HE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS'AN WE'LL BE NUMBER ONE CUSTOMER AGAIN!
YUK! YUK! YUK!
#*★X-#!!

AMBER I

STAGNATION, EMPTINESS, DARKNESS, I CAN BEAR NO MORE. THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF THE CITY CALL TO ME. I MUST ONCE AGAIN RETURN TO THIS MAGICAL METROPOLIS.

© 1977 • 1985 James P. Starlin

EPIC 75

HERE I WILL FIND ALL THAT HAS LONG BEEN DENIED ME.
HERE I WILL FIND THAT PART OF MYSELF LONG MISSING.
BUT ONCE FOUND, LOST TREASURES REVEAL FLAWS LONG FORGOTTEN.
THE CHALICE IS EMPTY. THE REALITY IS EVEN MORE SO.

IS THIS AS IT WAS? HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN... OR BEEN SO BLIND?
BUT THERE WAS MUCH MORE... YES MUCH MORE.
THIS IS WHAT I REMEMBER... CHERISHED... DESIRED. IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...
BEAUTIFUL
BUT BEFORE MY VERY EYES...
I GRASP IT. I PULL IT TO MY SOUL.

...THE LIGHT FADES; THE DREAM CRUMBLES.
ONCE AGAIN, REALITY...
BUT THERE ARE MANY REALITIES TO CHOOSE FROM. I REALIZE NOW THAT THIS ONE IS NOT FOR ME...

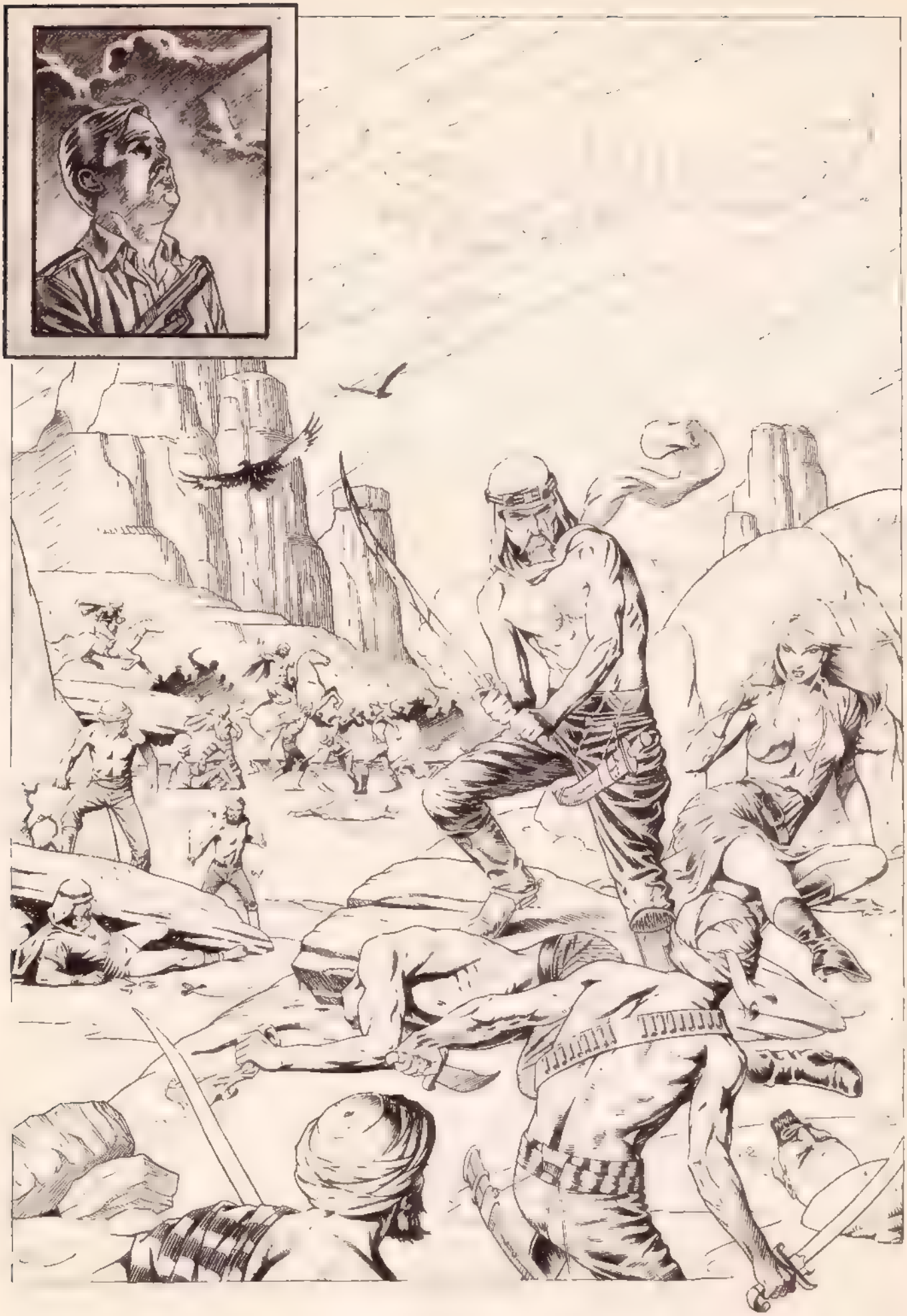
I HAVE MY HAPPINESS. I SEE THAT NOW.
IT MAY NOT BE WHAT YOU WOULD CHOOSE BUT THEN...
I'M NOT YOU.
I KNOW THAT NOW.
I'VE LONG BEEN WHERE I BELONG.

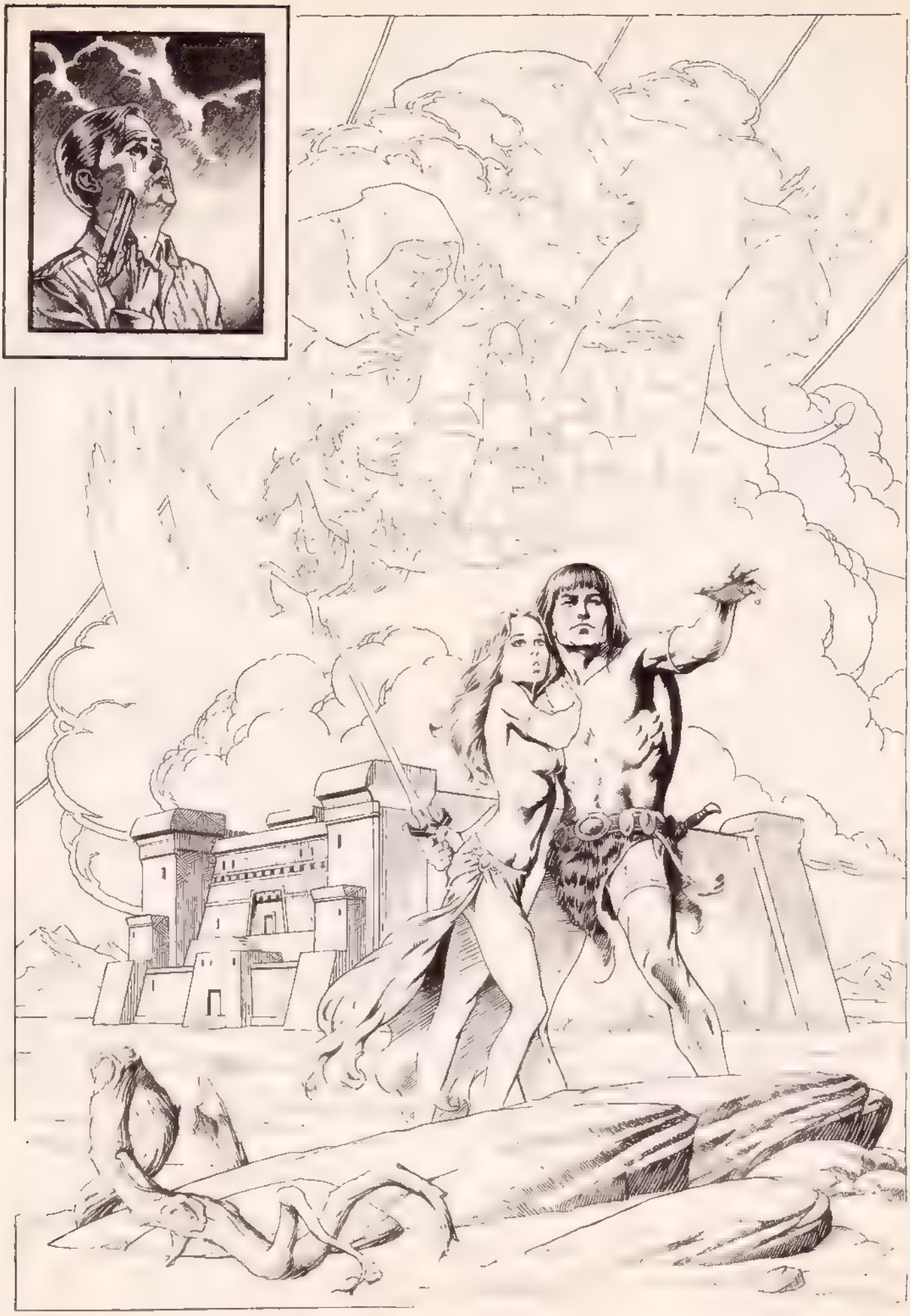
script by Roy Thomas/artwork by S. Plunkett © 1985 Alla Ray Kuykendall

DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK

MOTHER...
MRS. GREEN... IS THERE EVEN THE REMOTEST CHANCE THAT MOTHER WILL EVER REGAIN CONSCIOUS-NESS?
NO.

CLIK





Funeral Notice

Mrs. I. M. Howard

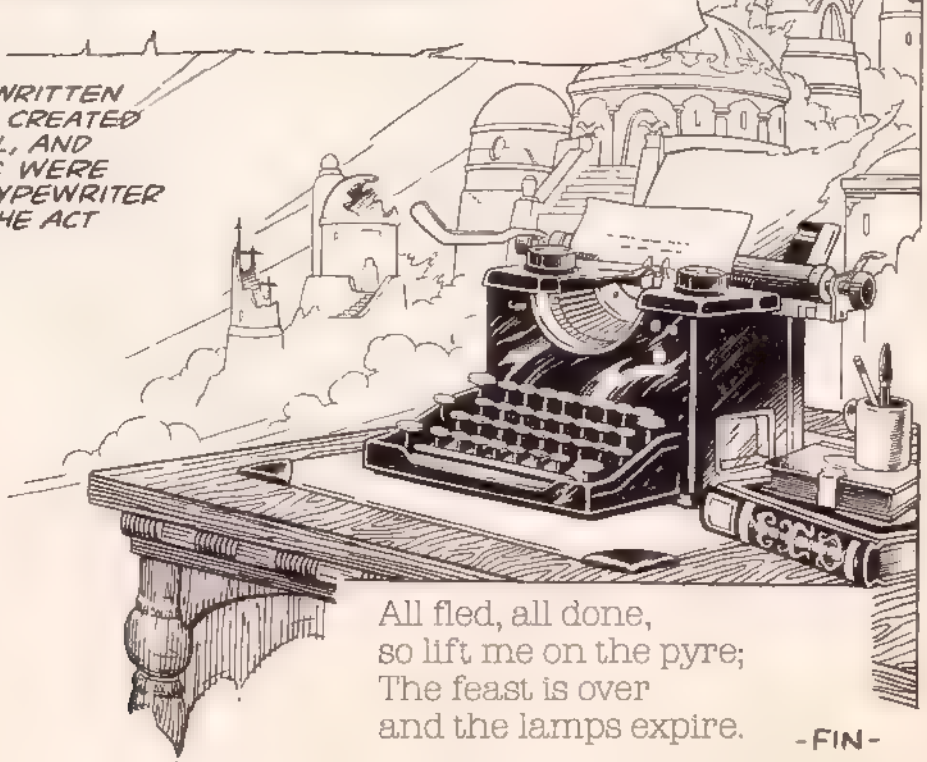
Born July 11, 1874
Died June 12, 1936
Age 61 Years, 11 Months and One Day.

Robert E. Howard

Born January 22, 1906
Died June 11, 1936
Age 30 Years, 4 Months and 19 Days.

Funeral Services Promptly at 10 A. M.Sunday
Morning, June 14, at Baptist Tabernacle,
Cross Plains.
Interment In Greenleaf Cemetary, Brownwood, Texas
1 P. M. June 14, 1936

THE LAST WORDS WRITTEN BY THE MAN WHO CREATED CONAN, KING KULL, AND SO MANY OTHERS WERE FOUND ON HIS TYPEWRITER SHORTLY AFTER THE ACT THAT KILLED HIM.



All fled, all done,
so lift me on the pyre;
The feast is over
and the lamps expire.

-FIN-

SLOW DANCER

OR:

MOVEMENTS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU LONELY —OR WORSE.

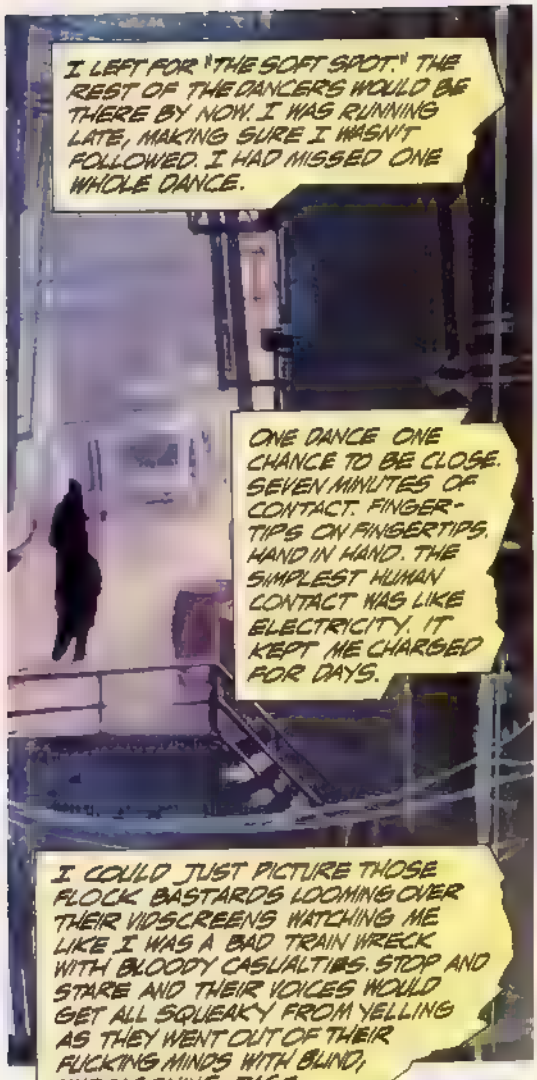
A ONE TWO THREE FOUR
ONE TWO THREE FOUR ONE
WEDNESDAY, THE 14TH. I WAS DANCING THREE-FOUR TIME IN A WORLD THAT HAD STOPPED MOVING.
DOC DIPSHIT WAS IN HIS USUAL FORM: PANIC OVER THE SAFETY OF HIS OWN ASS COUCHED IN PROFESSIONAL CONCERN FOR MY WELFARE.
YOU KNOW, DOC, YOUR SKULL IS AS THICK AS THE GLASS NET BETWEEN US.
HENRY... AS YOUR BOUND PSYCHMATE, I MUST INFORM YOU THAT YOUR ACTIONS BORDER ON SUICIDAL. ASIDE FROM THE RISK OF DISEASE THERE ARE OTHER PROBLEMS--
--THE RITUALISTIC CLANDESTINE GATHERINGS, THE ALMOST SACRED QUALITY YOU BRING TO SLOW DANCING, TO TOUCHING, BORDERS ON BLASPHEMY.
I RESENTED HIS INTERFERENCE. IT BORDERED ON PREACHING.
I WANTED CONTACT, UNDERSTANDING. NOT THE ASSININE PREDIGESTED CRAP HE WAS TRYING TO SELL ME AS REASON.
I ALMOST FELT LIKE HE WAS WORKING WITH THE FLOCK AGAINST ME.

© 1985 Bill Sienkiewicz

LISTEN, DOC--
FOUR MINDSETS OF LYFPSYCH A WEEK FOR NINE MONTHS, DAYS OF FEAR AND ANGER--
--DESPAIR AND NOTHING, NOTHING BUT ISOLATION--
--AND INCREDIBLE LONELINESS. AND THE ONLY THING--
--AND THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES IT BEARABLE IS SLOW DANCING. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CHANGE THAT. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TALK ME OUT OF IT. WHY DON'T WE JUST CALL THIS WHOLE PSYCHO CHARADE OFF AND STOP MAKING EACH OTHER MISERABLE ?!
HENRY, YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE
BESIDES, I'M AFRAID WE'RE OUT OF TIME FOR TODAY.
=KALONG KALONG= MINDSET 3-4 TERMINATED PSYCHO VOLLEY NIL. SUBJECT SLOWDANCER HENRYLYNCH-03245QRD ACED IN ONE SET. PROGRESS NEGATIVE. SUBJECT PLEASE REMIT
HENRY.
HENRY... BEFORE YOU GO, PLEASE RECONSIDER
THIS IS NO GAME THE FLOCK PLAYS FOR KEEPS.
YOU'RE A THREAT TO THEM. THEY CAN HURT YOU. YOU MUST STOP DANCING, STOP TOUCHING THE DISEASE--
IS NOT CAUSED BY TOUCH ! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SEE THAT, DOC?
JUST MY LUCK! I'M TALKING ABOUT SLOW DANCING.. ABOUT TOUCHING AND FEELING AND LIVING--
--AND MY DOCTOR, MY PSYCHMATE, MY PARTNER--
-- CHOOSES TO SIT THIS ONE OUT
=ZZZT=
COME ON, BUZZY.
RIGHT, BOSS
HE WAS GONE ?
Y-YES
THIS DOES NOT--
--BODE WELL

YOU NEED INCENTIVE? THIS TIME WE WILL RESTORE SOME OF YOUR MEMORIES. MEMORIES OF DANCING.. AND OF TOUCHING. THE RESULTANT FLOOD OF EMOTION...SHOULD ENSURE SUCCESS, HMMM? NO PAIN IS GREATER THAN MEMORY OF GREAT LOSS.
THE DISEASE GROWS RAMPANT. WITH ALL WE HAVE INVESTED IN MACHINES, NO ONE MUST BELIEVE THEM AS CAUSE, OR IN OUR INVOLVEMENT. THE DANCERS DO BOTH. STEPS MUST BE TAKEN TO RECTIFY MATTERS.
THE DANCERS MUST BE STOPPED. AN EXAMPLE MUST BE MADE.

HENRY...? BUT--REALLY, I'M MAKING PROGRESS, IT'S JUST--
DO NOT SPEAK. MORE TO COME LISTEN WELL--
--TO THE WORDS AND MARK THEM
THIS IS AN ULTIMATUM
YOU MUST BRING HIM BACK TO THE FOLD, OR WE MAY BE FORCED TO USE... OTHER METHODS.
WE DID NOT SAY THIS
SATURDAY, THE 17TH. THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE. THE ILLEGAL HIDDEN DANCE AT A PLACE KNOWN ONLY AS "THE SOFT SPOT." HUNDREDS OF US WOULD BE THERE, WITH OUR DANCING SHOES ON.
MY FINGERTIPS FELT LIKE THEY COULD SHOOT SPARKS
EVERY NERVE WAS ALIVE, READY TO TOUCH.
TOUCHING WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT. SEXUAL CONTACT WAS DEAD, ANOTHER CASUALTY OF THE MACHINE AGE.
ST. IAN'S FACE. THE RUST. THE CREEPING FACE FUCKER RIVETS. MECHANCER. WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, THE MACHINES GAVE IT TO HUMANS.
=BZZZT= GET UP, HENRY. YOU IN A DAZE OR WHAT?
TIME FOR THE BALL.
TUXEDO READY?
THE RITUAL GARB IS PREPARED, HENRY. I HAD BIX PRESS THE LAPELS FOR YOU.
HELLO.
HEL-LO HELLO H. THERE!
HENRY.. THAT'S ME HI. HOW ARE YOU?
HI =AHEM= HELLOOO.
OH, HELLO. HI. HENRY. HENRY LYNCH. MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, MY DEAR?
THAT IS ONE TERRIFIC DRESS--
AND YOUR HANDS-- THEY'RE SO SOFT--
--TO THE TOUCH.


I LEFT FOR "THE SOFT SPOT." THE REST OF THE DANCERS WOULD BE THERE BY NOW. I WAS RUNNING LATE, MAKING SURE I WASN'T FOLLOWED. I HAD MISSED ONE WHOLE DANCE.
ONE DANCE ONE CHANCE TO BE CLOSE. SEVEN MINUTES OF CONTACT. FINGER-TIPS ON FINGERTIPS, HAND IN HAND. THE SIMPLEST HUMAN CONTACT WAS LIKE ELECTRICITY. IT KEPT ME CHARGED FOR DAYS.

I COULD JUST PICTURE THOSE FLOCK BASTARDS LOOMING OVER THEIR VIDSCREENS WATCHING ME LIKE I WAS A BAD TRAIN WRECK WITH BLOODY CASUALTIES. STOP AND STARE AND THEIR VOICES WOULD GET ALL SQUEAKY FROM YELLING AS THEY WENT OUT OF THEIR FUCKING MINDS WITH BLIND, UNREASONING RAGE.
AND THEY'D PUKE BLOOD AND BILE AND CURSE MY NAME AND PRAY TO THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR THAT I WOULD DIE THE MOST GRUESOME DEATH EVER IMAGINED BY BUILDERS OF WAR MACHINES.

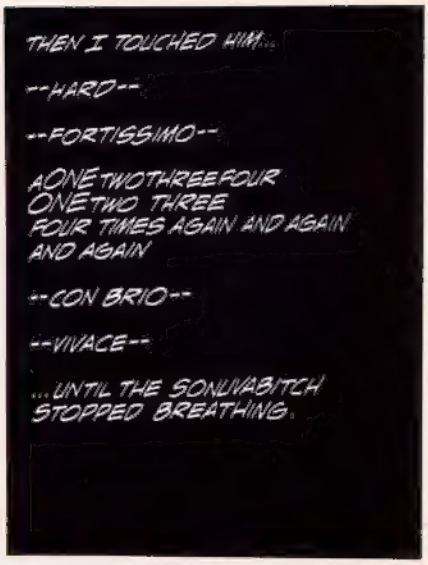
I DANCED ALL NIGHT.
I DANCED AONETWOTHREEFOUR. ONETWOTHREEFOUR DANCES AND A WONDERFUL TIME TWO THREE FOUR....

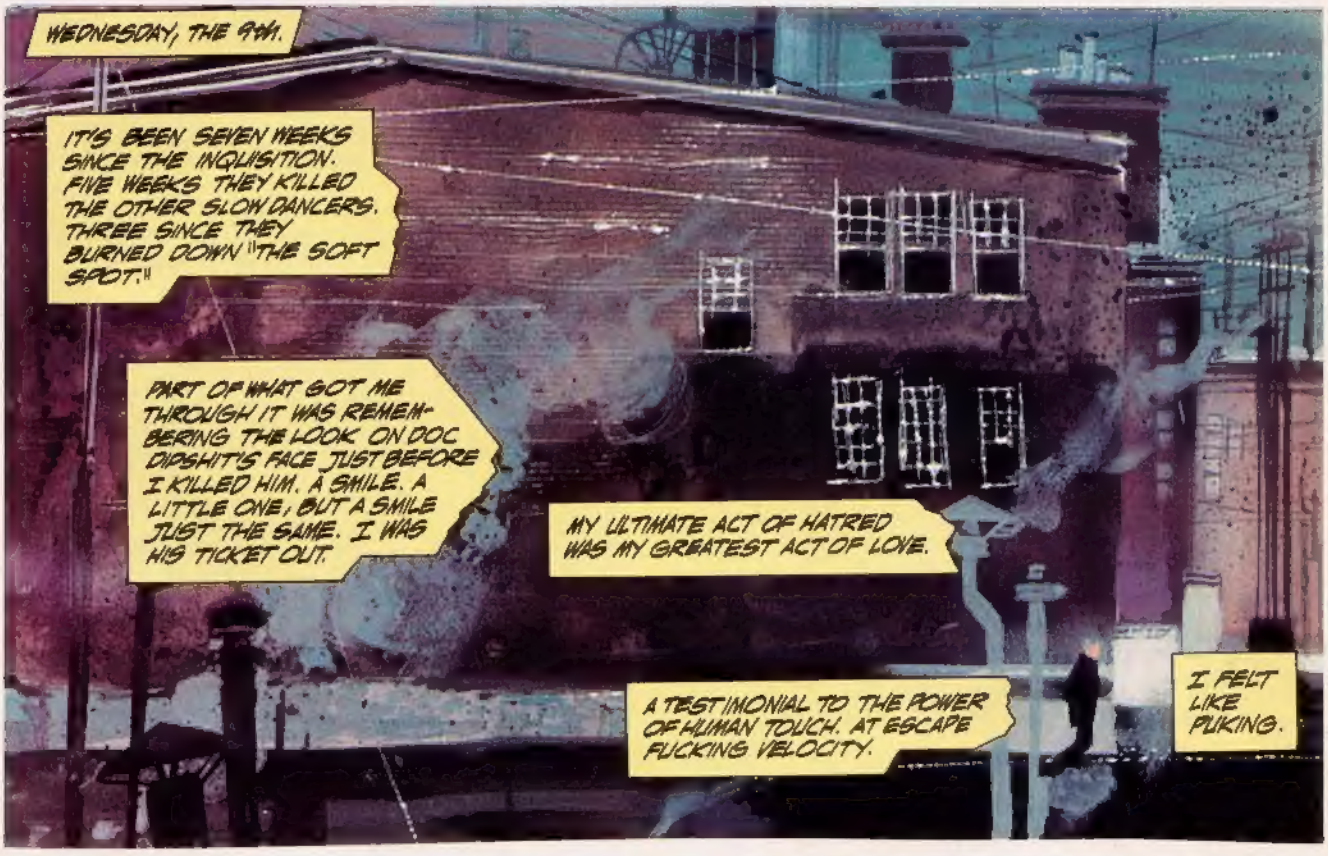
MONDAY, THE 19TH.
I'VE HAD IT, HENRY. I'M THROUGH PLEADING, BEGGING, AND COAXING. YOU AND I ARE PSY-LINKED. YOU CANNOT GO TO SOMEONE ELSE. YOU MUST TALK TO ME! YOU MUST STOP THIS MORAL ATROCITY BEFORE--
ACE!
LISTEN, HENRY, I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE. I DANCED, TOO. BACK WHEN ST. IAN'S FACE MADE THE JUMP TO HUMANS. THE FLOCK WENT MAD. THEY GOT ME. THEY DID THINGS TO MY MIND... WITH VERY BIG MACHINES. AND NOW, WHEN I SEE THE FILMS OF YOU DANCING, I GET... MEMORIES....
OH, YES, HENRY. FILMS. YOUR SECRET DANCES ARE NOT SO SECRET AFTER ALL. YES....
DEUCE!
YOU'RE QUITE A DANCER. QUITE THE LADY'S MAN. I USED TO BE THAT GOOD.
I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE FLOCK WAS TAPING YOU... MAYBE YOU SUSPECTED... BUT THEY'RE EXPERTS. IT'S ALL QUITE FASCINATING. YOUR PREOCCUPATION WITH TOUCH.
WE'VE WATCHED THE TAPES OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND...
YOU KNOW, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE HELD ANYONE... SINCE ANYONE HAS TOUCHED ME. IT'S ALL FOR THE FURTHER GOOD OF THE FLOCK. IT HAS TO BE. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT...IT...HAS...TO....
STRIKE THREE!
THE VOYEURISTIC SHEEP BASTARD DOC DIPSHIT UNRAVELLED AND FINALLY SHOWED HIS TRUE COLORS. YELLOW AND BLACK--
KR UNK
--WITH A LONG WHITE STRIPE UP THE MIDDLE OF HIS BACK.
I WANTED AT HIM... AND HIS SKULL WOULD NOT STAND IN MY WAY.

FACE TO FACE.

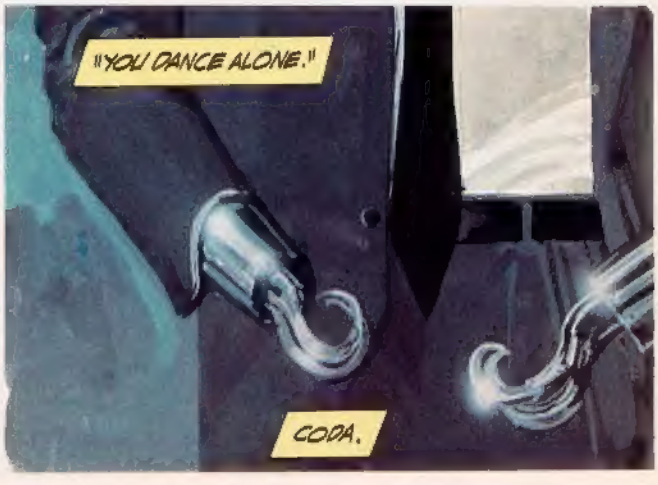
A ONE TWO THREE FOUR ONE TWO THREE

MANO A MANO

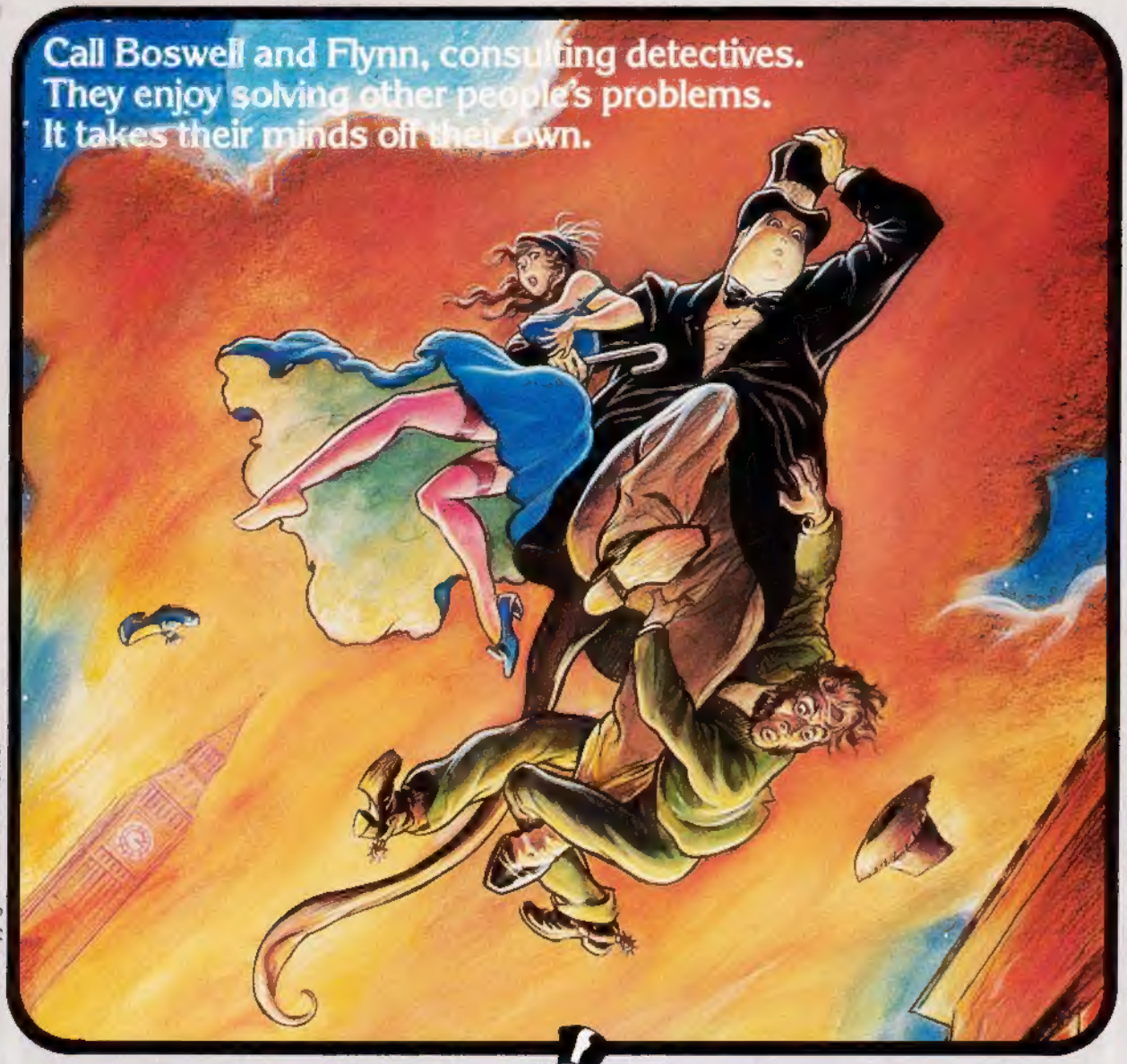

THEN I TOUCHED HIM...
--HARD--
--FORTISSIMO--
A ONE TWO THREE FOUR ONE TWO THREE FOUR TIMES AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN
--CON BRIO--
--VIVACE--
...UNTIL THE SONUVABITCH STOPPED BREATHING.


WEDNESDAY, THE 9TH.
IT'S BEEN SEVEN WEEKS SINCE THE INQUISITION. FIVE WEEKS THEY KILLED THE OTHER SLOW DANCERS. THREE SINCE THEY BURNED DOWN "THE SOFT SPOT."
PART OF WHAT GOT ME THROUGH IT WAS REMEMBERING THE LOOK ON DOC DIPSHIT'S FACE JUST BEFORE I KILLED HIM. A SMILE. A LITTLE ONE, BUT A SMILE JUST THE SAME. I WAS HIS TICKET OUT.
MY ULTIMATE ACT OF HATRED WAS MY GREATEST ACT OF LOVE.
A TESTIMONIAL TO THE POWER OF HUMAN TOUCH. AT ESCAPE FUCKING VELOCITY.
I FELT LIKE PUKING.

THE FLOCK LET ME LIVE. I WAS TO BE AN EXAMPLE THEY SAID.
THE OTHERS WERE DEAD. THEY HAD GOTTEN OFF EASY.
"YOU DANCE ALONE NOW," THE FLOCK TOLD ME.


"YOU DANCE ALONE."
CODA.

Do you live in Victorian England?
Do you have a problem?
Is your problem impossible to solve?


Call Boswell and Flynn, consulting detectives.
They enjoy solving other people's problems.
It takes their minds off their own.

The Bozz Chronicles TM and © 1985 David Michelinie
Art copyright © 1985 Brett Blevins.

Epic Comics is a registered trademark of the Marvel Comics Group.
Copyright © 1985 Marvel Comics Group. All rights reserved.

The BOZZ CHRONICLES

by David Michelinie and Brett Blevins.
From Epic Comics.

"Truly intriguing. If Veitch can maintain the Kubrickesque sense of irreverant, yet biting commentary that he has presented in this issue THE ONE will be a series well worth reading."
—R. A. Jones, AMAZING HEROES

"I now recommend it even more strongly. It's very different and very good."
—Don Thompson, THE COMIC BUYER'S GUIDE

New formula but already a classic!

A six issue Limited Series from Epic Comics.™ Bi-monthly. Issue #4 on sale now.

EPIC COMICS FROM MARVEL

Try one, you'll want the entire six-pack

All issues available exclusively at comics specialty shops. Consult your local yellow pages (under "Books") for the shop nearest you.

The One TM & © 1985 Rick Veitch. Epic Comics is a registered trademark of the Marvel Comics Group. Copyright © 1985 Marvel Comics Group. All rights reserved